VOL. CCXXII, No. 2899
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SEPTEMBER 3, 1955

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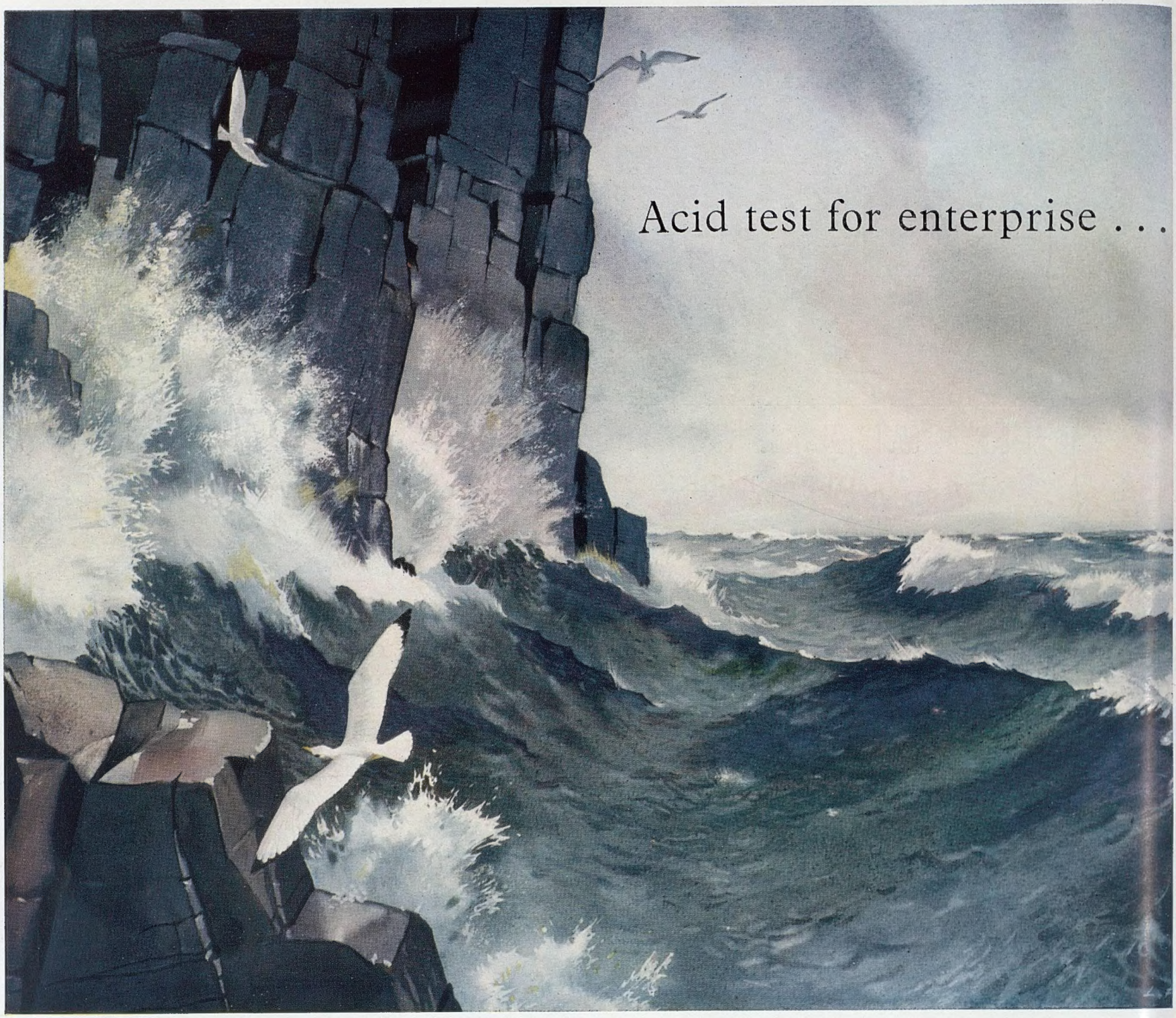

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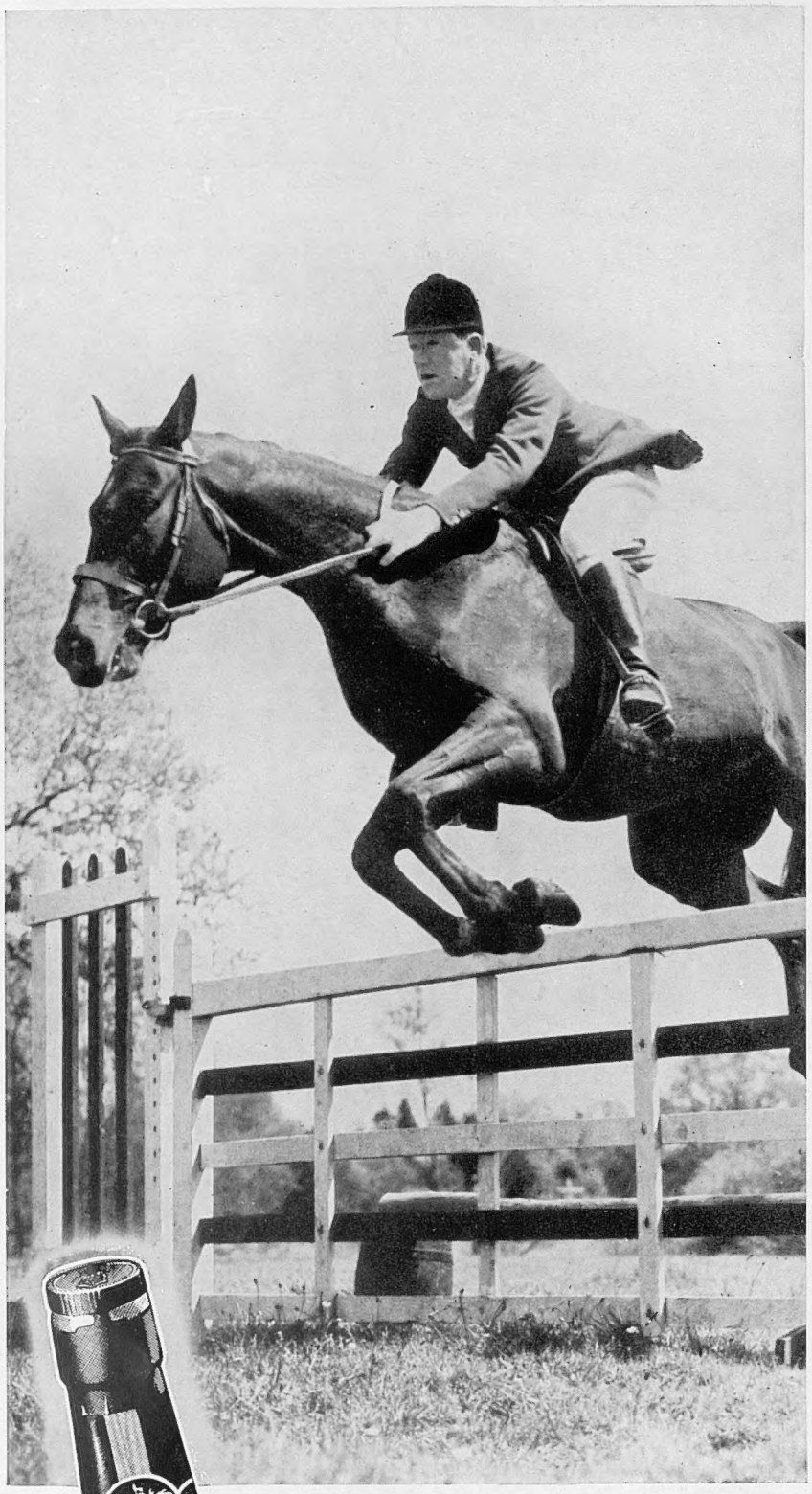

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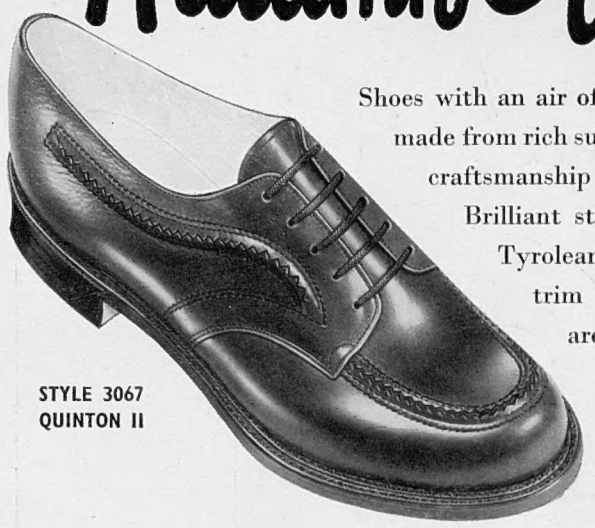

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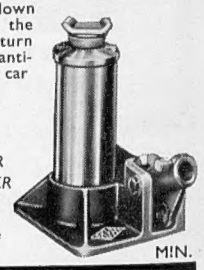

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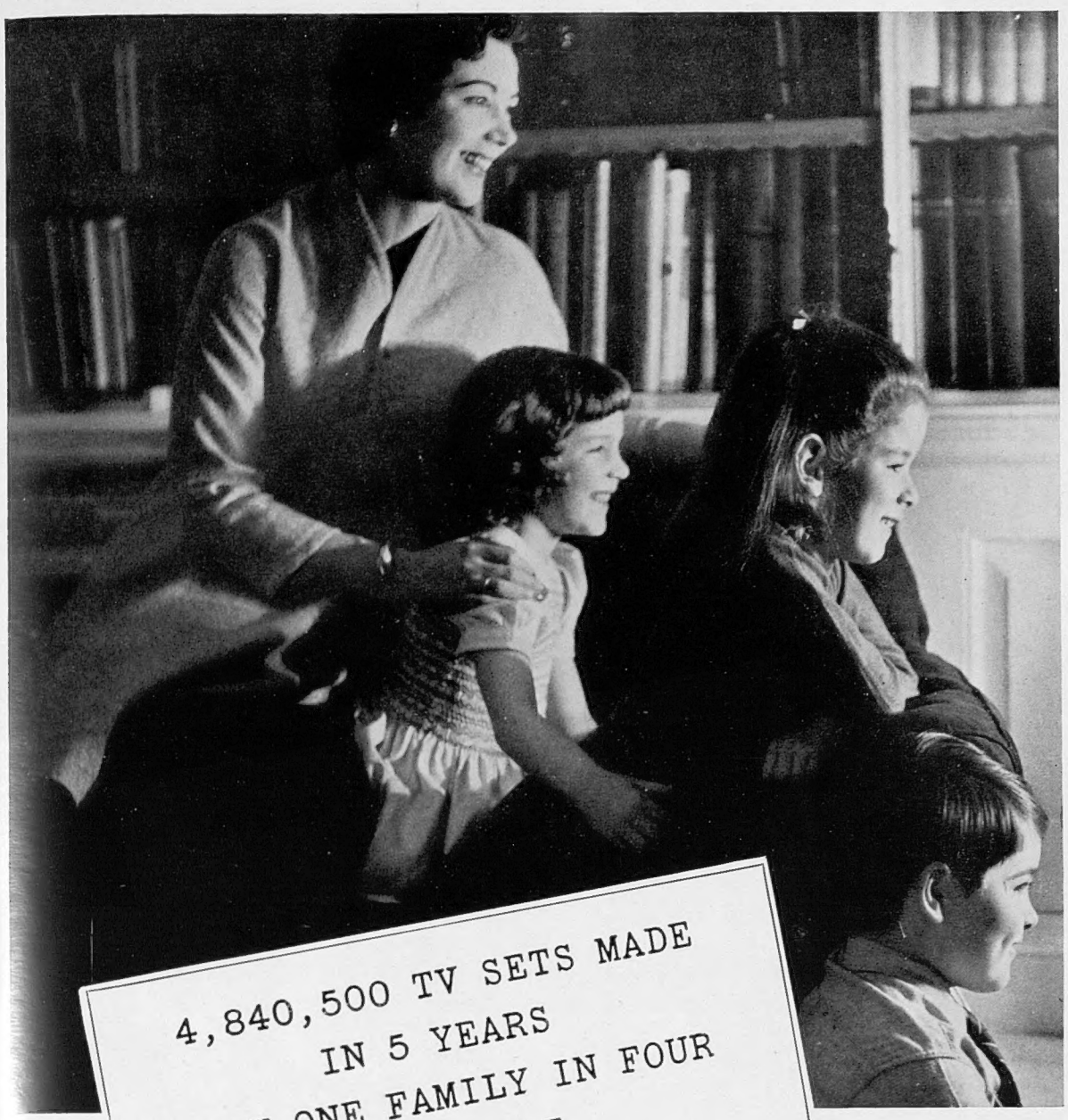

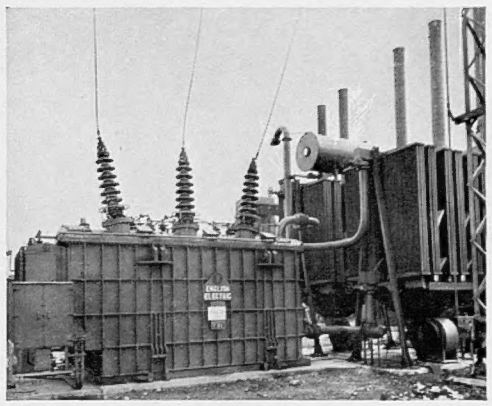

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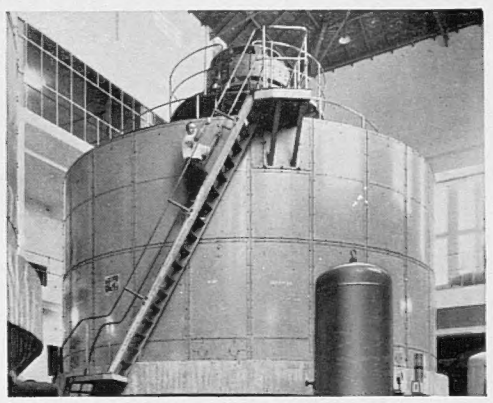

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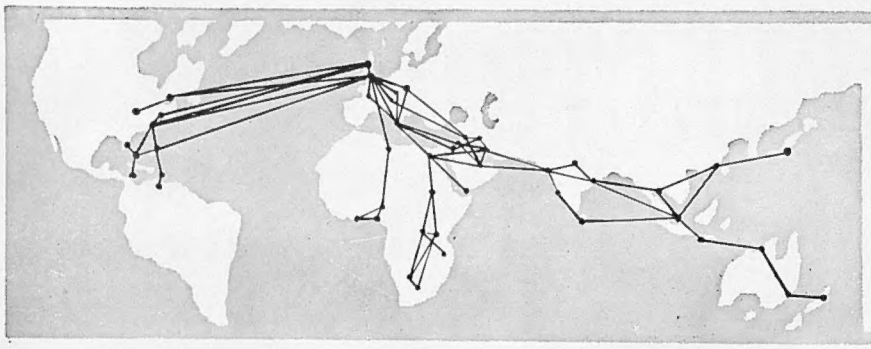

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Volume CCXXII No. 2899

The SPHERE, London, September 3, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

PARDON FOR THE MASSACRE OF OUED ZEM—20,000 TRIBESMEN SUBMIT THEMSELVES TO THE FRENCH MILITARY COMMANDER AT A CEREMONY OF PRIMITIVE RITUAL: General Antoine Franchi, Military Commander of the Casablanca area, walks with a Chief among some of the tribesmen and their families, who had assembled near Oued Zem to receive an *amam*, or pardon, for the massacre in the village in which seventy Europeans were killed. At the General's feet are some of the arms which were surrendered by the tribesmen. Later the rebels slaughtered fifteen bulls as a token of submission to the French military authorities.

Nothing illustrates more clearly the primitive savagery of the revolt in North Africa than the *amam* ceremony held on a roadside near Oued Zem last week. The caids of the Smaala tribes sought a general pardon from the French authorities for the massacre for which one of their tribes, the Ouled Assim, was held responsible. From the hills poured tribesmen and their families. More than 20,000 were present when General Franchi, Military Commander for the area, came to accept the tribe's submission. Accompanied by one of the caids, he walked slowly and grimly past the ranks of tribesmen and looked at them closely. Then he addressed them. "You, Ouled Assim, behaved like stinking cattle. I have the troops, guns and aeroplanes to reduce you all to dust." Then came the ritual of submission. Fifteen bulls were brought forward by the caids. In token of the granting of pardon by the General, individual tribesmen stepped forward and severed tendons in their legs. Finally, as a sign of complete subjugation, the throats of the animals were cut. (Further pictures from North Africa and of the crisis talks appear on pages 332 and 333.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

KING EDWARD ABOUT TO TAKE A MOTOR RUN AT MARIENBAD: It was reported at the time that the King, who was following out the cure at Marienbad with conscientiousness, was taking a motor-car ride nearly every day. Some days he walked for two hours. The caption accompanying this picture in 1905 stated that it "is interesting as showing the King in goggles."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Heather Ablaze.—The drought in the Highlands will be long remembered. From Blair Athol to Nairnside, as I drove north, the road was dark with smoke, the air tainted with burning peat, great columns of smoke-cloud darkened the sun, and on each side of the railway line, broad strips of blackened heather extended up the hill-faces. The burns are dry, the rivers mere trickles, and everywhere the harvest is three weeks or more ahead of normal. The heath fires are no joke. They will run underground in the peat and continually break out. The flames have gone down to the roots of the heather. A heavy fall of snow is the surest cure. The whole way up I saw no grouse and but a single line of beaters "beating the air." Guns and rods are laid aside and most of the inhabitants not engaged in the autumn fêtes, which reap such harvests for local causes in Scotland, seemed to be in the sea. Clothes, too, were as rare to see as grouse. The rising generation, brown as Malayans, were content with a pair of shorts, or less. It was a sun festival prolonged since June and almost non-stop; and the heavy equipment in guns, shooting suits, stout shoes, waders and thick stockings are strangely out of place. One of the sights of Nairn draws visitors in the evenings to the harbour. Here they watch the salmon tumbling and jostling off-shore or in the basins, trying in vain to get up the river and going red in their failure—a sorry sight. But when the sun holds festival in the Highlands in August, there are other fish to fry in plenty. It is good to be alive and time enough to start killing—though that is not the view of North African nationalists or of cyclonic nature, whose harvests I am still too hot and too bemused to handle.

A Healthy End to the Test Matches.—Looking back on the cricket season is always a sadness to me. South Africa came triumphantly out of the Test Matches and I confess I regard the result of them as the happiest possible. It gave England a salutary jolt and a fall from the undue pride which came from our victories in Australia. If we are to repeat them in England next year, we have to find a new team, sound in body and efficient in all branches. We cannot afford to rely on a handful of stars to pull us through with bat and ball. When the South Africans arrived, it looked like a walk-over for England, after their initial defeat by one of our weakest county sides. But as the summer went on, they built themselves into a splendid team of fighting all-rounders, superb in the field, giving nothing away and taking every chance with bat and ball that offered. I suppose modern Test cricket is very much a young man's game. Some of our older stars faded out this year and even Compton has probably passed his best physically; and some of our match-winning bowlers are reaching the age-limit. But it was not only the elders who cracked up. The casualty list, never before so heavy, included all age groups, and nowadays the anxiety which results from limelight publicity on every stroke played, imposes a severe nervous strain on some new recruits. In May we have a god-sent captain. He has a team to build up anew. It would have been deplorable if we had lost the final Test. It would have been disastrous to our hopes of beating Australia again if we had won hands down against South Africa. I enjoyed the series immensely, listening or viewing at short intervals of each day. But I was denied all the thrill of the last, being in a country largely uninterested in cricket; lacking even a wireless set or a daily paper, I had to be content with news twelve hours old.

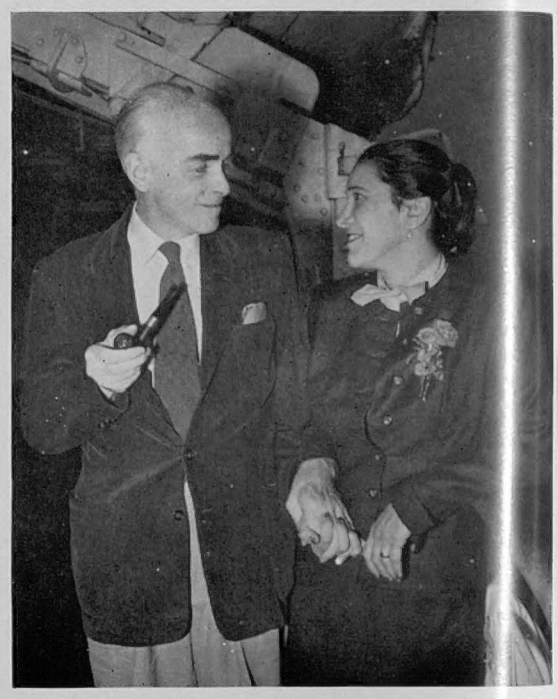
War Criminals.—I read and thought a lot about a recent correspondence in the Press on war criminals, and I tardily add my unimportant conclusion that the Nuremberg trials of war criminality should stand undiluted as a monument to the rules of law and humanity which civilisation cannot afford to abrogate. Some have sought to argue, in criticism of that trial, that what was foreseen has come to pass—namely, that it is open to any warring Power to assert in effect: "Our cause is just, our interpretation of international law beyond cavil; consequently, all our prisoners in your hands are angels and all yours in our hands devils. Such an assertion must lead to a war of ideals, the most bitter and fruitless of all wars, even those of religion." Let us admit that in the Nuremberg trials and those in Japan, the degree of guilt of the defendants varied and some, indeed, escaped conviction. But to suggest that, to avoid a future war of ideals, the crimes authorised by Hitler and his foul directives shamefully obeyed by many of his minions, were better passed over and forgotten, were to deny that civilisation knows any laws and that humanity accepts any standards of morality and conduct in war.

Duchess Entertained for the Shooting.—The appropriate issue of the ever delightful *Country Life* claimed my interest, representing abundance and scarcity in game in two features. Mr. Wentworth Day's sombre pilgrimage from Yorkshire to Sutherland in search of "a covey of grouse anywhere" produced the same conclusions as my own, which closely followed his. That elusive covey has escaped notice almost everywhere, and a rock-bottom season, following years of disappointment on many famous consistent moors, is now certain. Gone for ever are the days when 600 brace of grouse could be bagged in a day's driving. Even if you had the birds, you couldn't find the beaters and etceteras. I think of Moy, that small, fruitful moor, where King George V was sure of his 500-brace days. Of late years, it has known no good years; nor has its larger neighbour, Cawdor, whereon Percy Chubb sometimes got his 5,000 brace a season. This year Moy shootings are cancelled and Cawdor is being dogged. And Moy moor is on fire and the peat smoke covers Nairn and veils the sun. A few pages on in the same issue was produced an illustration of the Duchess of Württemberg's "big shoot" in 1748 in Germany. Herds of deer, boars and foxes had been driven into a smallish swimming-pool, shoulder to shoulder. A gay pavilion on the pool's edge was filled with noble sportsmen who were gaily pumping lead into the "brown" in the crimson pool, while spearmen turned back any victims trying to escape. This recalled to my mind another German "battue," arranged by Prince Pless in Edwardian times. Princess Daisy noted down: "It is a strong order to arrange a shoot [for the Emperor at short notice] for the 15th Sept., when there are no partridges. We shot 1,800 *pheasants which could not fly*." Perhaps these battues account for, and in part excuse, Hitler. They help us to bear our misfortunes in Scotland with philosophy—accepting poetic justice.

Speed Limit Revision.—Certainly a re-examination of speed limits in built-up areas is desirable and, I hope, will soon bear fruit. Any reforms will take time to cover the country, especially those parts remote from important cities, and it may be that the removal of restrictions here may be balanced by new restrictions there, perhaps rightly. One thinks always of the restricted stretches one uses most often, and upon which one's resentment multiplies. I have heard quoted the stretch on the Eton–Slough road, north of the school buildings. Why was a 30-m.p.h. speed limit ever imposed there? I can think of greater puzzles, perhaps none more odd than the same restriction at the northern entrance to Chichester. Soon after Lavant a very broad, straight road runs between well-laid-back villas to the barracks, one of the safest stretches one could travel at 45 m.p.h. But it has been restricted to 30 m.p.h. for years and I never met (or passed) a driver who obeyed the sign. Yet you may go legally all out for miles in the military areas of Hampshire, where the cottages border the curb and children dart out of gates and play in the gutters. A national policy, based on common sense and not on a bureaucratic definition of "built-up areas," is needed. Sometimes one feels that a single chance accident on a safe stretch may have imposed a ten-year sentence on a particular roadway which has an otherwise clean record.

White Collars.—There is a shortage of recruits in the office as marked as in the factory. Perhaps at first sight it is not surprising when one learns what wages village youths can command in local industries direct from school. The banks and such cannot offer a starting wage to compete, and permanence and security are no longer attractive to the young of a welfare state. In offices to-day machines do much of the work formerly done by human brains, and already women form 65 per cent. of clerical staffs. I do not know that their work always proves the case that education is now universal. Certainly the number

DEPORTED EDITOR HOME FROM U.S.



CEDRIC BELFRAGE ARRIVES IN ENGLAND WITH HIS WIFE: They had travelled from the U.S.A. after Mr. Belfrage said that he had been deported on the charge of being a Communist in 1937-38. He added that unofficially he thought the charge was for being editor of the *National Guardian*, a Left Wing American newspaper. "I have publicly stated that I am not a Communist, but I have always maintained that I have a perfect right to be one if I so desire, or nothing at all if I prefer things that way."

of youths who can still barely read and write is staggering. Muscle to-day is certainly accorded the bonus once given to "education." The skilled and even unskilled worker in certain industries can command a wage at twenty-five which a bank clerk might envy at thirty-five, with more expensive "appearances" to keep up. The prospect of a forty-hour week, holidays with pay and perhaps £500 a year in industry, seems good to a new recruit to a bank during a busy week. True, his wage to-day looks good in comparison with his father's start at £60 a year, rising to £350, and small probability of a directorship at last. But the white collar to-day confers only a security no longer sought and a social respectability that has lost its meaning.

Causes of Juvenile Crime.—The annual report of the Commissioners of Prisons this year concentrates attention on juvenile delinquency, which has recently been closely investigated by two committees of inquiry. It is true, perhaps, that juvenile delinquency has passed the post-war peak. It is still deplorably rife. The conclusions reached suggest that poverty is not a cause of crime in juveniles. Indeed, easily-earned and good wages are probably an incentive. Youths straight from school and of the lowest possible standard of education can earn good wages, buy many of the gadgets they crave and reach out for more beyond their means. My own experience of the type roughly labelled Teddy-boys is generally confirmed. Many of them can barely read or write. Few of them have any religious beliefs, or accept any standards of right and wrong. In all of them abnormal vanity stands out. Their deeds of daring are done to feed their vanity and to impress their companions. Among a bunch of sub-normal boys, a hero and a leader needs no outstanding quality beyond excessive vanity and impudence. Some of them are cowards at heart and deflate like pricked balloons. The trouble with them all is that from infancy and throughout school life, they have received no religious or moral influences from parents or teachers. For my part, I see little hope of amendment for this generation. The parents of these boys, during the post-war reaction botched their duty and have now lost control, if they wished to resume it. The school classes are still too large, the right type of institution for really corrective training is only now in the experimental stage. In another ten years, the products of better schools and sound institutions for reforming young delinquents may have produced a percentage of new parents with a sense of responsibility for their children's discipline.

The Curse of Over-Population.—An urgent call is for technical education. It is unlikely that we shall secure it by a short-cut. For I can't believe that any bright student can acquire experience and knowledge of a technical subject until he has learned to express himself and his conclusions in clear English. Even the most abstruse scientific subject, with its specialised terms or jargon, must be approached with some training in the English language, best exemplified in the writings of masters of English prose. It is, no doubt, a counsel of perfection to lay down that the apprentice of nuclear physics or space-ship construction should first undergo a strict course in Shakespeare or Pater or Stevenson. It is perhaps asking too much, in these days of tragi-comic strips and the hideous preponderance of triviality and cheap-jack published every day, not to mention the output of popular scientific periodicals, to advocate a return even to the muscular-Christian, morally uplifting, novels of the Victorians, good as they are, both as stories and as character-builders, the tales of the Kingsleys, of Tom Hughes, Blackmore, and many others. But most of us, in many walks of life, who read them in our youth, owe and pay these books and authors a debt of gratitude for hours of recreation and for splendid examples and lessons in decency, manliness, honour and religious faith. The popular Press read even in the Highlands is no less silly and trivial than in England; yet it seems to me that wherever in England or Scotland the population is sparse, the old standards of decency and religion linger longest. In the lonely places the easy distractions are fewer; there is time for prolonged reading, time for thought; to help one's neighbour is a matter of common sense. It is impossible to attend a Highland kirk without recognising a sharp difference in the attitude of the congregation from that in an English parish church. The discipline and attention of the children, the far larger percentage of men of all ages, the *sobriety* of the whole congregation, stand out in the kirks in the Highlands. It is not, I think, a difference of nationalities. Rather, it is a question of density of population, with all the distractions which density brings. The higher the fewer; the fewer the higher—in standards of Christian conduct and common sense.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

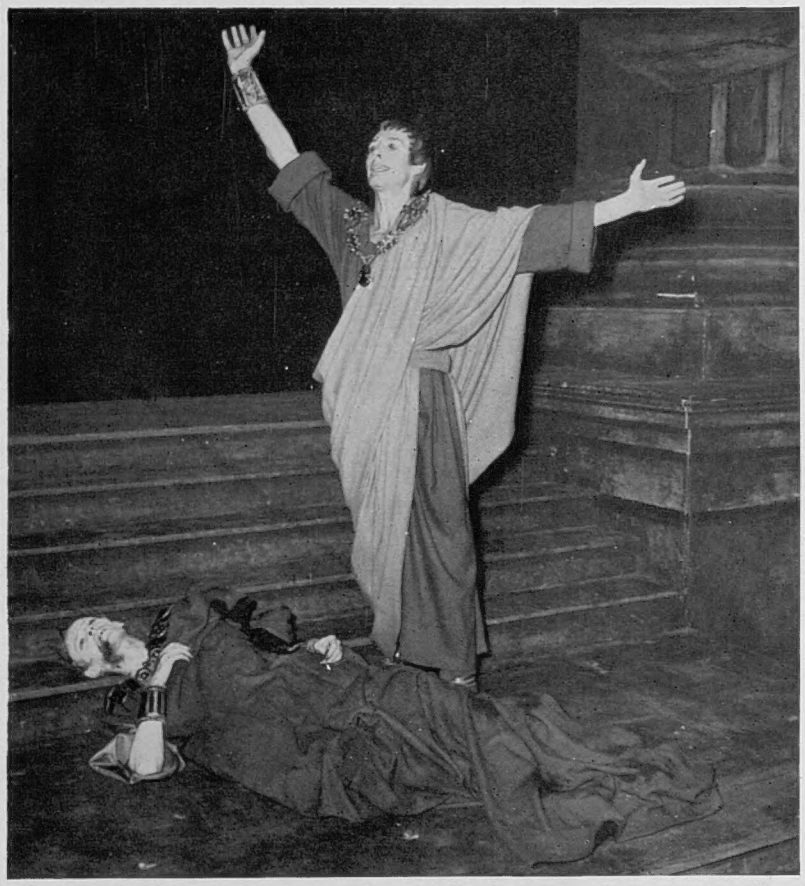
THE CONQUEST OF KANGCHENJUNGA

AND A SUMMARY OF 1955 IN THE HIMALAYA

By HUGH MERRICK

Illustrated with Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE, Photographs and a Map

THE OLD VIC'S EDINBURGH FESTIVAL PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CÆSAR"



"THIS WAS THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL": Mark Antony (John Neville) speaking in the closing scene of the last act of *Julius Cæsar*, which is being played by the Old Vic Company at the Lyceum Theatre as part of the Edinburgh Festival.

The new production of *Julius Cæsar* at the Lyceum Theatre opened on tour last month at Swansea. After its present run at Edinburgh (where it closes to-day, Saturday) it opens at the Old Vic Theatre, in London, on September 7. In producing the play in the limited conditions of the Lyceum Theatre, Michael Benthall has had to convey the sense of space and distance which would have been possible on a larger stage. He does so with the aid of the setting designed by Audrey Cruddas. Much of the play takes place on a wide central staircase which is flanked by two broad grey pillars with, behind them, a series of changing backgrounds. This is further enhanced by a lighting plot which, with the costumes, presents a very sombre scene. But it is this sombre setting which focuses attention on the main characters and which creates the impression of the events taking place in comparative darkness. Pictures of other productions at the Edinburgh Festival will be found on page 352 of this issue.

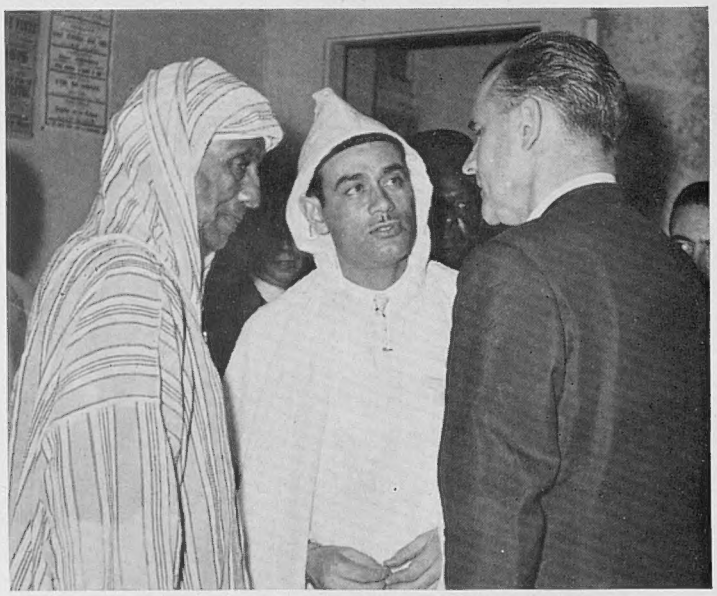
On left—
"O MIGHTY CÆSAR! DOST THOU LIE SO LOW?" Mark Antony stands by the body of Cæsar (Gerald Cross).

THE WIFE OF BRUTUS AND ONE OF HIS CO-CONSPIRATORS AGAINST CÆSAR: A much-bearded Brutus (Paul Rogers) is seen above with Portia (Wendy Hiller) and, on right, with Cassius (Richard Wordsworth).

CRISIS TALKS AT AIX

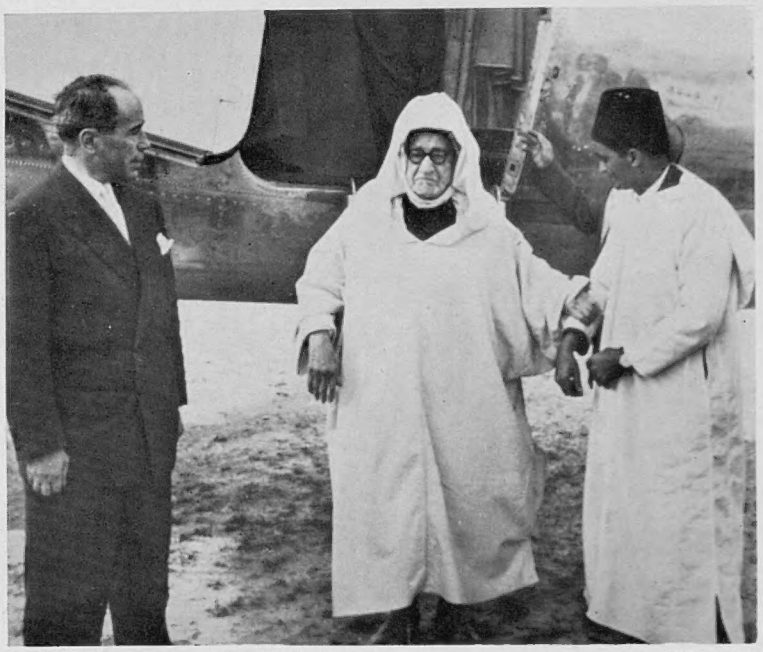
French Ministers and Moroccan Leaders Meet at Aix-les-Bains to Seek a Solution to the Present Troubles in North Africa

With the massacres of August 20 fresh in their minds the French Government, represented by the Committee of five responsible for North African problems, began talks with Moroccan leaders at Aix-les-Bains. The object of the talks was to come to some agreement which would restore peace to Morocco, and it is believed that they have centred on the question whether the present Sultan should remain on the throne. Early reports stated that the Sultan would be deposed and M. Grandval, the controversial Resident-General, dismissed. The Committee of five consists of the French Prime Minister, M. Faure; his Foreign Minister, M. Pinay; the Minister for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, M. July; the Minister of Justice, M. Schuman; and the Defence Minister, General Koenig. On the Moroccan side, the chief delegate was the great Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, who, more than anyone, was responsible for the deposition of Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef as Sultan in 1953. Also present was the Sultan's Grand Vizier, the reputed centenarian, el Mokri. Delegations from the Moroccan Party of Independence and the Istiqlal (Nationalist Party) were also heard.

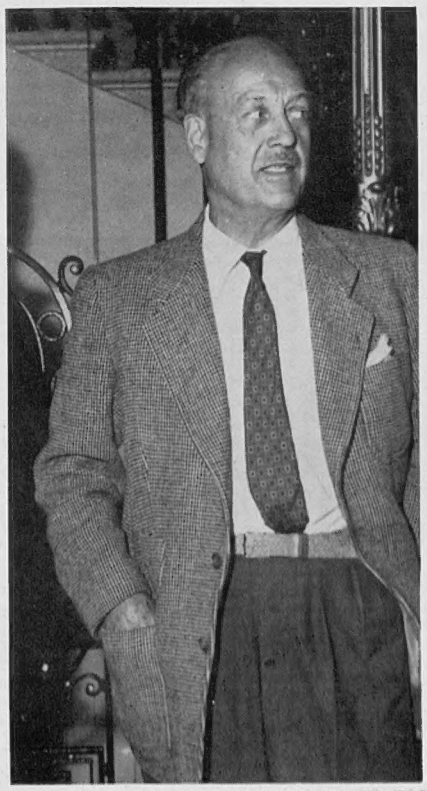


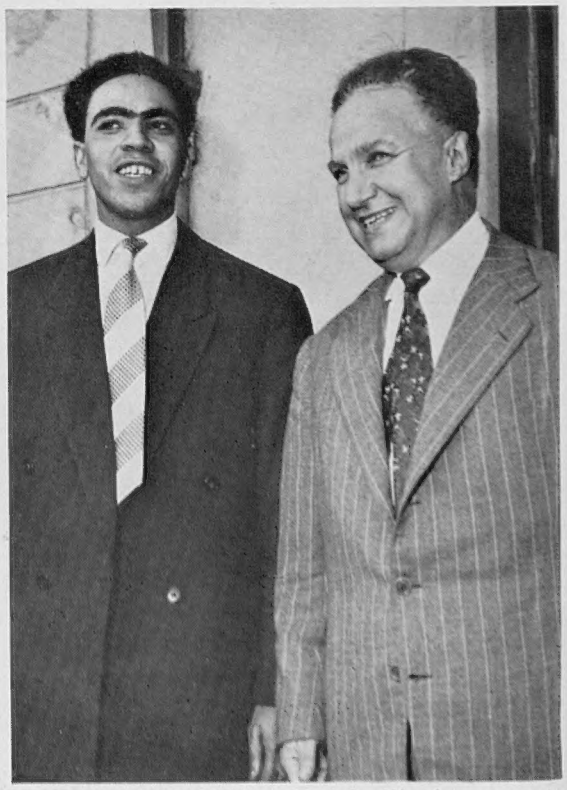
ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE: Among those participating in the talks between French Ministers and Moroccan representatives at Aix-les-Bains are (from left) General Koenig, the Defence Minister; M. Antoine Pinay, Foreign Minister; M. Robert Schuman, Minister of Justice; Si Tani el Mokri, son of the Grand Vizier; el Mokri, Grand Vizier of Morocco; and M. Pierre July, Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs.

***On left*— EL GLAOUI IS THERE: The powerful Pasha of Marrakesh is with M. Pierre July and (centre) his Chief of Cabinet, Si Abderrhamin Hajjoui. *Below, left*— El Glaoui enters the conference room with the French Premier, M. Edgar Faure.**



THE GRAND VIZIER ARRIVES: El Mokri, who is reputed to be 100 years old, is helped from the aircraft in which he arrived at Aix-les-Bains from Morocco. There to greet him at left is M. Pinay. The Grand Vizier is traditionally Chief Adviser to the Sultan of Morocco.





SOME OF THE MINOR CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA OF AIX-LES-BAINS: *On left*—Wearing a sports coat is General Bethouart, a senator for Morocco. *On right*—Two delegates from the Istiqlal (Moroccan Nationalist Party). They are M. Bou Cetta (left) and Hadk Omar Abdel Jelli.

On the North African Battle-Front

While Tribesmen Submit Themselves and Seek Pardon in Morocco, Operations Continue Against Rebels in Algeria

THE SACRIFICE IN THE PARDON CEREMONY AT OUED ZEM : Tribesmen sever the tendons of young bulls which were sacrificed in token of the pardon granted to them by the French Military Commander after the massacre of Oued Zem, in Morocco. More than 20,000 members of the offending tribal confederation were present at this ritual of surrender.

"I HAVE THE TROOPS, GUNS AND AEROPLANES TO REDUCE YOU ALL TO DUST" : These words of General Franchi, the French Military Commander, are made vivid to the tribesmen at the submission ceremony at Oued Zem as aircraft roar overhead.

IN ALGERIA THE RESIDENT-GENERAL LEADS THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE RETREATING REBELS : M. Jacques Soustelle talking to an Algerian partisan who has been scouting for the French forces pursuing Algerian tribesmen after the engagements around Constantine.

FULL-SCALE MILITARY OPERATIONS AGAINST THE REBELS IN ALGERIA : *On left*—Below a towering rock-face in the el Kantara gorges in the Biskra region of Algeria, a French machine-gunner seeks a rebel hideout from the top of his armoured vehicle. *On right*—A member of the Algerian Militia gives a French officer information about rebel tribesmen who have been fleeing from the el Oued region towards the Aurès Mountains. Another division of French troops is being sent to North Africa.

BRITAIN'S NEW MIDDLE EAST HEADQUARTERS IN CYPRUS TAKE SHAPE : A view of the new installations at Episkopi, headquarters of Britain's Middle East Forces, which is claimed to be the finest military camp ever constructed for British forces overseas. In the foreground are some of the new type of prefabricated huts which are used as temporary accommodation.

The three main blocks seen in this picture of the headquarters installations at Episkopi are expected to be in occupation by next Christmas. These will be the first new permanent buildings of Middle East Headquarters, which have been set up by the Army and R.A.F. in Cyprus since the evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone. All the units which are to be stationed in the headquarters area have already sent their advance parties, and work is proceeding on the married quarters village now almost ready. Progress in building the headquarters has naturally been interrupted by the outbreaks of violence in Cyprus during the past few months. A sign of this is the closing last week of the forces' holiday camp at Famagusta in order to accommodate, temporarily, the 1st Battalion The South Staffordshire Regiment, who have arrived on the island.

FROM EAST AND WEST

PICTURES OF NEW BUILDINGS, AND OF PEOPLE IN THE NEWS IN EUROPE, SINGAPORE AND NOVA SCOTIA

THE MOST MODERN CHURCH IN THE WORLD—LE CORBUSIER'S EDIFICE NEAR BELFORT : Two views of the remarkable church of Ronchamp, near Belfort, in the province of Haut-Rhin, between the Jura and the Vosges. *At left* is the interior, showing the curious windows which throw a series of shadows into the church. *At right*—The exterior, which looks like the misshapen bows of a huge ship.

On left—The latest manifestation of the great Swiss-born architect shown here, serves as a reminder that Le Corbusier has not wholly devoted his architectural gifts to town planning. The design of buildings, whether they are great public centres like the League of Nations building in Geneva or the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success, or humble parish churches like this one at Ronchamp, will preoccupy the master. This church in the Haut-Rhin province, near the German border, is of particular interest in that the curious windows cast the entire interior into shadow. Le Corbusier, who is sixty-seven, constructed his first building fifty years ago. Since then, apart from designing and constructing private and public buildings all over the world, he has made plans for such cities as Buenos Aires, Stockholm, Antwerp, Algiers, Bogota, and Chandigarh, capital of the Punjab

MIXED RECEPTIONS FOR THE COLONIAL SECRETARY IN SINGAPORE : *On left*—A group of silent Chinese stand by the kerb as they watch Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd leave Singapore Airport in his car after his arrival on the island from Borneo. One poster carries a cartoon of the Colonial Secretary, and one of the banners bears the words "We want citizenship rights, we want independence and franchise rights." *On right*—Mr. Lennox-Boyd inspects a guard of honour composed of members of the Malayan Auxiliary Air Force when he opened the new Paya Lebar Airfield at Singapore. The Colonial Secretary, who was on a visit of colonies in the Far East, settled the constitutional crisis in Singapore, which had arisen after the Governor had refused to accept the advice of the Chief Minister. It was agreed that the Chief Minister's advice should be accepted on all matters other than the dissolution of Parliament and the suspension of the Constitution, and that the Singapore Government should be invited to London to discuss self-government.

A NEW ROAD TO THE ISLES IN THE NEW WORLD: *On left*—Mr. C. D. Howe, Canadian Minister for Trade and Commerce, uses a claymore reputed to have been wielded at the Battle of Culloden to cut the tartan ribbon and open the Canso Causeway which links Nova Scotia, on the mainland, to the island of Cape Breton. The causeway, which is said to be the deepest in the world, cost £8,000,000 to build. *On right*—Pipers lead the procession across the new causeway to the tune of "Road to the Isles." More than 35,000 people attended the opening ceremony, a gathering of the Nova Scotia clans. The cruiser H.M.C.S. *Quebec* fired a broadside for the opening.

THE POPE RECEIVES AN AFRICAN MINISTER AT HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE: At Castelgandolfo Pope Pius XII poses with Kojo Botsio, Education Minister in the Gold Coast. Mr. Botsio was accompanied by his wife and son.

THE RIOTS IN NANTES: A police cordon keeps rioters at bay outside a store selling weapons during the riots in Nantes last month. One person was killed and seventy-one injured (including forty-two police) when the disturbances broke out in the French city following a lock-out of engineering workers by their employers.

TAKING THE WATERS IN RETIREMENT: Foxhunter, Britain's famous show-jumper, now in retirement from major competitions, enjoys a briny bath with his great rider, Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn, during a holiday at Ostend.

THE NAVY TAKES TO ITS BOATS IN GRAND HARBOUR, VALETTA: Enthusiastic supporters follow in motor launches their entries in the annual naval whaler race for the Barham Cup in Malta's Grand Harbour. Some of the launches seem almost on top of the whalers from various vessels of the Mediterranean Fleet, perhaps to spur them on to even greater efforts. The cup was won this year by the whaler from the cruiser H.M.S. *Sheffield*.

MALTA'S BUSY HARBOUR—NAVAL AND MERCANTILE VESSELS AT ANCHOR

A CABLE VESSEL AND A SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIP AT WORK IN GRAND HARBOUR : In the foreground is the Cable and Wireless ship *Lady Dennison Pender*, unloading cable at the company's tank depot in Haywharf Creek. Beyond, lying in Msida Creek, is the submarine depot ship H.M.S. *Forth* (9,060 tons). She is flanked by her brood of submarines. On her starboard side are H.M.S. *Trenchant* and H.M.S. *Truncheon*. On her port side can be seen H.M.S. *Sanguine*, H.M.S. *Seneschal*, H.M.S. *Tudor*, and H.M.S. *Sea Devil*.

NEW ZEALAND IN AUGUST—THE NORTH ISLAND IN THE GRIP OF WINTER

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL PARK BRINGS SEASONAL GREETINGS FROM THE ANTIPODES : This view of the National Park in the North Island shows, last month, Mount Tongariro (6,458 ft.) covered with the snows of winter. On the horizon, rising steeply above the clouds, may be seen Mount Egmont (8,260 ft.). Like Tongariro, Egmont is an extinct volcano. Rising from the Taranaki plain, Egmont's cone-shaped summit, which is perpetually covered in snow, is a well-known landmark for sailors.

FARNBOROUGH 1955

The Story of Britain's Greatest Air Show and Some of the Aircraft which will be Displayed There During the Coming Week

By
B. J. HURREN

Drawings by
Cavendish Morton

THE FARNBOROUGH PARADE: This picture by Aerofilms was taken at the S.B.A.C. Show last year and shows aircraft parked for inspection by visitors. In the foreground are the giant Blackburn freighter and the Avro Shackleton marine reconnaissance aircraft. At the far end of the main runway on the right are five Gloster Javelin jet fighters.

FARNBOROUGH is now one of those places which is firmly associated in the public mind with an annual event, as are Ascot, Henley or Goodwood. To talk of "going to Farnborough," can only mean attending the annual display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. The show can be aptly described as the shop window for Britain's aircraft industry, and for aviation enthusiasts is the climax of the aviation year. This month several hundred thousand people—among them experts from numerous foreign countries—will crowd to scan the wares. There is every reason to hope a new attendance record will be established.

In recent years Farnborough has grown rapidly to giant size. But the display still keeps its original purpose, which is to be a trade show. It is not a demonstration of the Royal Air Force, nor of military flying power, nor even of the nation's civilian aircraft potential. It remains an exhibition of certain goods. Just as a famous jeweller such as Cartier does not put all its gems into its windows in Bond Street or in the Rue de la Paix, so the British aircraft industry has much more behind it than is on view at Farnborough.

This leads many people to fall into an error. They assume that because they see some type or example of aircraft invention at the display, then it should immediately be produced in quantity. Their fallacy, of course, is that they forget Farnborough is a trade show, the purpose of which is to display the widest possible range of goods the manufacturers *can* produce. It is for the expert buyers to decide what wares they consider worth while for large-scale production.

This principle of Farnborough as a sale room cannot be over-emphasised. Indeed, for a long time it was only the expert and potential buyer who was admitted to it. It was not until 1948 that the display was opened to the general public. Since then the show has become one of the most popular events of the English summer. Therefore it may be worth while tracing its development from the earlier shows.

The first two attempts at air displays of this kind were failures. They took place indoors at Olympia in 1920 and in 1929. Then the R.A.F.'s annual displays at Hendon gave someone an idea. On Saturday, May 25, 1932, the R.A.F. presented the public with its annual thrill, and some 250,000 people watched—many of them without paying, for they took advantage of the surrounding low hills. On the following Monday, by permission of and with the blessing of the Air Council, the British aircraft industry gave a private-invitation-only display, also at Hendon. Thus, the many distinguished people, particularly foreigners, who had come to see the R.A.F. on parade in the air, were able to stay to see what the industry had in prospect for the R.A.F. and other buyers. In this way began the non-public displays. It was a sensible arrangement since the public were not buyers, and the narrow world of aircraft purchasers—believed to be fewer than 5,000 all told—could inspect the goods without being entangled in milling crowds.

These one-day special shows were given at Hendon from 1932 to 1935 and were principally concerned with flying. Some side-show efforts featured "bits and pieces" which were inseparable from the flying (such as fuelling bowsers). For 1936 and 1937 the Display moved to Hatfield, where both a flying and a static display were organised. There was no display from 1938 to 1945, for the obvious reason that a far bigger, horrifyingly realistic display was being presented against a far more dramatic backcloth.

The Society of British Aircraft Constructors resumed its displays at the first opportunity after the war. In 1946 and 1947, Radlett was the venue. But with 7,000 guests in the former and 14,000 in the latter year, and with the restricted road approaches in this part of Hertfordshire it was obvious that another site would be required. "Scouts" went far and wide, to the Midlands, the North and the West. Consideration was given to Mildenhall, starting-point of famous air races. But in the end, the obvious was the best; Farnborough, home of so much British aeronautical enterprise, came into its own again by permission of the Ministry of Supply. From 1948, each year has shown an increase in the scope of the Display; by adopting a new system of guest ticket allocation this year the Society may well look forward to higher attendances than ever before.

As it is quite impracticable to expect a whole range of new aircraft each year, probably the most interesting parts of Farnborough lie under the canvas of the static display. It is not easy to appreciate the tremendous growth of what may be termed "Etceteras." The fact is that in many senses it is what you do not see in an aeroplane which really counts. Here is a brief comparison which will make this point clear:—

In 1932, when the first flying S.B.A.C. display took place, the H.P. 32 airliner was obviously suited for Imperial Airways. It was a four-engined biplane which lumbered across the world, but was particularly known on the London–Paris link. It had twenty-two instruments. To-day, the Comet has in excess of seventy. Engine revs. have risen from 5,000 as a maximum for a piston-engine to some 20,000 for a jet. Nearer our immediate time, the four-engined Lancaster bomber of the war had a fuel gauge which cost about £100: the modern equivalent costs around ten times as much. The wiring alone in a modern bomber or airliner absorbs the output of great factories. The comparison can be made in many other aspects.

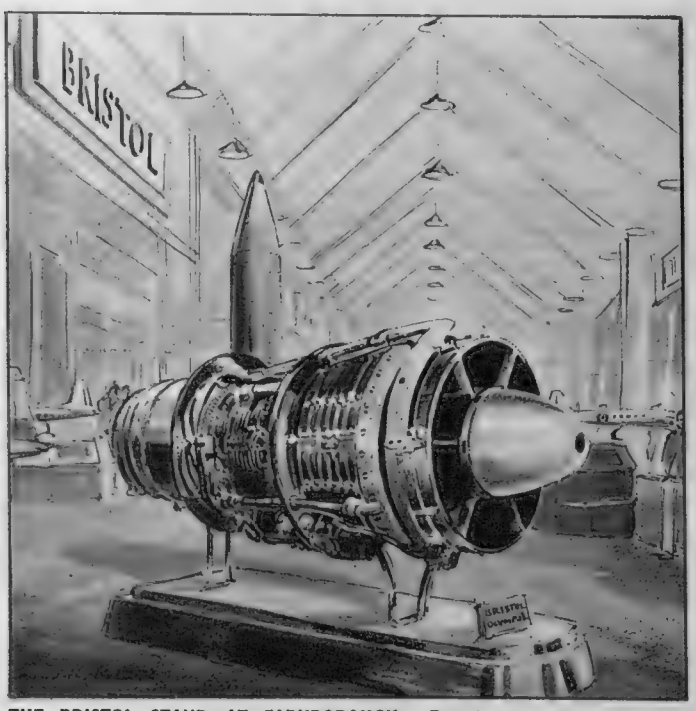
Some indication of the growth of the solid core of the aircraft industry is found in the difference between the 1939 and 1955 figures of membership of the S.B.A.C. There were 224 member firms at the outbreak of war; of these 24 were qualified as aircraft constructors, and 11 as aero-engine manufacturers. It must be remembered that in 1939 the Shadow

(*Concluded on page 340*)

INSIDE THE EXHIBITION HALL AT FARNBOROUGH—THE HAWKER SIDDELEY GROUP STAND AT THE S.B.A.C. SHOW: This corner of the stand, drawn from the designer's plans, shows some of the latest aircraft made by firms of the group. Dwarfing all other models is the Avro Vulcan four-jet, delta-winged bomber which is in super-priority production for the R.A.F. Below the nose of the Vulcan is the Gloster Javelin, all-weather and night fighter, which is now entering service with the R.A.F., and on each side is a model of the Hawker Hunter, the latest interceptor fighter to enter service. On the left, partly hidden by the Vulcan's wing, is a model of the Hawker Sea Hawk, naval jet fighter. On other parts of the stand will be displayed aero engines and a model of the new Armstrong Whitworth high-speed wind-tunnel recently opened near Coventry.

FARNBOROUGH 1955 *(Continued)*

THE INDOOR EXHIBITION



THE BRISTOL STAND AT FARNBOROUGH: Prominent on this stand is the Olympus jet engine, which has been approved for service with a thrust of 11,000 lb. Standing behind the Olympus is one of the new plastic drop-tanks developed by Bristol for high-performance aircraft.

A LONG-AWAITED DAKOTA REPLACEMENT: The Accountant turbo-prop medium range airliner, now being built by Aviation Traders, will be prominently displayed on the stand at the S.B.A.C. Show this year. Outside, part of a completed fuselage will be mounted for inspection. The Aviation Traders' Accountant will be able to carry up to thirty-three passengers in the vibration-free comfort made possible by turbo-prop engines.

AN IMPORTANT ACCESSORY FOR HIGH-SPEED JET AIRCRAFT : The Martin Baker Aircraft Company have manufactured the first ejection seat to be used in this country and have since supplied the R.A.F. with all seats at present in use. Two models are shown : the Mk. 3 and the new Mk. 4.

On right—

HANDLEY-PAGE INTRODUCE A NEW TRANSPORT : One of the main features of the Handley-Page stand at the S.B.A.C. Show this year concerns the Herald piston-engine transport aircraft. The Herald is designed especially for heavy duties in difficult country and the stand shown here embodies a relief map of some of the mountainous and afforested country in which it would be difficult to operate a normal transport but where the Herald flies with ease. Models indicate the flight path.

SAUNDERS-ROE—CHAMPIONS OF THE FLYING-BOAT : Saunders-Roe have for many years specialised in flying-boats despite the lack of interest in British official circles. It is not surprising, therefore, that a flying-boat ocean patrol aircraft should be given a prominent position on their stand. This model has been designed to land on the open sea under a wider range of weather conditions than is possible with any other flying-boat. Other exhibits seen in this picture are the rotary dispenser (left), which enables an aircraft to carry a large number of relatively light stores of different types, and a model of the Saunders-Roe Skeeter Mk. 6 helicopter (seen on the table). One of these helicopters will be seen in the flying display.

A BIG BROTHER FOR THE PRESTWICK PIONEER : The Twin Pioneer aircraft built by Scottish Aviation. This aircraft, designed for operation from small and difficult landing-fields, is making its first appearance at Farnborough this year. It carries from fourteen to sixteen passengers at a speed of 140 m.p.h.

A HIGH-PERFORMANCE VISITOR FROM CANADA : This drawing shows different views of the Avro CF-100 all-weather fighter designed and built in Canada by A. V. Roe (Canada) Ltd. It is the first aircraft completely built in the Commonwealth to be exhibited at the Show and is powered by two Avro Orenda jets which are also built in Canada. The CF-100 has reached supersonic speed.

FARNBOROUGH 1955

SOME OF THE MANY AIRCRAFT WHICH WILL BE SEEN AT THE S.B.A.C. SHOW

(*Concluded from page 337*)

Industry scheme was in operation, so it is not surprising that to-day some of those constructors and some of the engine manufacturers have left the lists. However, now the S.B.A.C. numbers 577 members, of which 21 are overseas members. Thus, membership is on the way to being trebled. Over 300 member firms will be participating in this year's Farnborough Display.

The question is sometimes asked : why do not all the firms of the S.B.A.C. take advantage of this unique annual event ? The answer is that Farnborough is a sort of report on progress by official permission. For example, virtually nothing will be seen concerning guided missile progress. Although the United States has come out into the open on much of its activities in this sphere, the Ministry of Supply in this country holds the reins of information in tight hands. This may not be a bad thing ; one recalls how the radar chain story was kept absolutely quiet before 1939, and one of the major factors in the Battle of Britain was that defensive net.

There are only three major world records possible : height, speed and distance. In 1932, just after the first S.B.A.C. flying display at Hendon, a Vickers Vespa, powered by a Bristol Pegasus, set up a world height record of 43,976 ft. Now the English Electric Canberra, powered by a Bristol Olympus engine, has already exceeded 60,000 ft. and may well in squadron service be flying at the ultimate altitude practicable for jet engines.

The fastest aircraft at the 1932 Display was the Vickers Jockey, a monoplane with a top speed of only 218 m.p.h. This machine did not go into production, but the modern Hawker Hunter is not only in the front rank of the world's fast fighters but is in full production for Britain and N.A.T.O. powers.

The three big British bombers of to-day, Valiant, Vulcan and Victor, have not had their performance figures announced, but an official statement records that their performance " will be two-and-a-half to three times more effective than their 1945 counterparts in altitude, speed and range." In 1932, the best bomber rated a top speed of 156 m.p.h. ; a range of only 1,360 miles ; and a ceiling of 21,000 ft. In the heavy transport class, the Gloster Goshawk troop-carrier of 1932 had an all-up weight (total weight loaded) of 28,000 lb.—a figure which corresponds to the payload of the modern Blackburn Universal Freighter, and which can be carried a stage distance of 1,450 miles. In the trainer category, the total weight of the famous Tiger Moth, presented at the 1932 show and used by countless air forces and flying clubs for so long, was 1,650 lb. This is 350 lb. *less* than the warload of two 1,000-lb. bombs which its jet age successor, the Vampire, can carry easily to-day.

In these rapidly changing times the financial aspect has kept pace with the technical progress. In 1939 it was a rough, rule-of-thumb calculation that a warplane cost £1 per lb. To-day, this sort of calculation is not practicable, but some modern warplanes might cost around £5 per lb. and others, in specialist categories, very much more. The state has been reached where a big bomber, fully-equipped, exceeds the cost of the smaller warplanes—but beyond that there is no true comparison at all.

One thing present to-day and absent in 1932 is the helicopter, which is fighting (and winning) an uphill technical battle and gaining the respect of public opinion. However, progress is disappointingly slow for those eagerly waiting to use the new vehicle, and it will certainly take several years before the big helicopter appears on the trunk routes and on the ever-growing feeder services, of which the Channel Air Ferry is an outstanding example.

ONE OF THE FASTEST JET PLANES IN THE WORLD : Shown here are three English Electric P.1 fighter aircraft, one of which will be seen for the first time at Farnborough. Despite its angular shape, the P.1 can fly through the bumpy transonic regions with little or no buffeting and has exceeded the speed of sound in level flight on many occasions. Powered by two Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire engines, this aircraft is a design on which a supersonic fighter plane can be based.

A plea for patience must be entered here. The most promising big British helicopter is the Fairey Rotodyne, which has been aptly termed a rotor-coach. It is still in a pioneer stage and although the temptation to rush the fences is great, experience shows that short-cuts from drawing office to production are the long and hard way round. The new machine is not yet built, but may be completed, constructionally, next year. Then must follow the wearying and nerve-testing period of trials *in a completely new medium*. There is no precedent and lessons will have to be learned as the problems arise.

This year's presentation of flying offers a score of individual demonstrations, which will be preceded by two circuses. The object of these combined presentations is to show variants of a type which has already been presented in earlier shows. For example, there is the Ambassador—which British European Airways always refer to as an Elizabethan, that being the airline's class name for this excellent aerial voyager—now powered by Eland engines. This version of the Ambassador is due to appear as a freighter next year. Technical interest is also aroused by the Sperrin in the first circus. The Sperrin is used as a flying platform for the Gyron which may be the most powerful turbo-jet flying to-day. Then there is a trainer version of the Gannet, which is of value in breaking-in new pilots to the characteristics of prop-jet power, as well as providing other and purely naval training functions.

A double-first may be claimed in the individual demonstrations by the Canadian CF-100. This is the first aircraft with airframe *and* engines designed and built overseas to fly in an S.B.A.C. Display.

Unquestionably, tremendous interest centres on the Gnat light fighter. Last year, in what may be termed a try-out version, the Midge, with a make-do engine, created a sensation. (You can define a sensation as being identifiable when a spontaneous murmur or hum of conversation moves through the vast crowd of on-lookers, many of whom are professionally blasé.) This year, the real Gnat, equipped with the new Orpheus engine, will show its paces. It is certainly a thoroughbred aerodynamically ; the question at issue is whether this beautiful aeroplane is going to be valuable as a warplane.

Controversy on this point is keen. Officially, and strictly regarding the air defence of Great Britain, the

On right—

A DESIGN FOR THE FUTURE : Three views of the Fairey FD-2 experimental jet plane which is to be shown at Farnborough this year. Built to investigate problems which occur at the speed of sound and beyond, the FD-2 is carrying on a research programme started with the smaller FD-1 which was seen at Farnborough last year. Among the unusual features of the later delta-winged plane is the nose, which can be lowered like a drawbridge during landing and take-off to give the pilot a better view. The wings, in comparison to the rest of the aircraft, are extremely small and very thin, giving a better performance at speed but making for a very high landing speed. A remarkable engineering feat enables the undercarriage to retract into the wings despite their thin section. The power is supplied by a Rolls-Royce Avon engine which is probably fitted with a reheat device to increase thrust. The FD-2 is not expected to be put into production in its present form, but it is widely thought to be the forerunner of a much larger supersonic bomber or airliner.

THE FIRST OF A NEW TYPE OF AIRCRAFT : The Folland Gnat light fighter will, from the military point of view, be one of the most interesting aircraft at the display. Last year the Midge, a prototype of the Gnat, was seen and attracted much interest. Many N.A.T.O. countries are closely watching the development of the Gnat, which can be produced more cheaply and quickly than heavier aircraft, but still be as effective in fire power.

On left—

A VALUABLE TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT : Designed especially to be used in the difficult country in Australia, the Herald is attracting attention from airlines all over the world. It says much for the high standard reached in orthodox aircraft construction that the makers of the Herald could confidently predict that it would be flying at the S.B.A.C. show several weeks before this was due to open, although at that time the aircraft was not completed. Many buyers have shared the confidence of the builders.

far heavier, larger, Javelin is the chosen all-weather fighter. It carries a truly formidable array of electronic equipment which, within the scope of a manned fighter, enables it to find, engage, and strike down its mortal foe, the raiding bomber, anywhere, at any time, in any weather—over Great Britain in particular. To do all this, to have all the defence-attack eggs in the one basket, necessarily means it is taking the lion's share of fighter defence allocation.

Against this, the Gnat is lighter, cheaper, quicker to build—but it is not an all-rounder as the Javelin is. The argument is that guided weapons ought to take over many of the functions of the Javelin, and if that were so then the claims of the Gnat would be considerably advanced. One feels for the Staff who have to resolve these defence problems : the odds are that the Javelin will remain inviolate in its roles, but that the Gnat may well serve the interests of the smaller air forces—and *their* representatives will be watching closely at Farnborough.

Once again, Britain's three-line bomber advance will appear in the Valiant, the delta-wing Vulcan, and the Victor. These three imply that the mass bomber formations of 1939–45 are a thing of the past. These are the fast armoured cruisers of the air, the wolves that can roam far beyond the heights of the dog-fights of yesteryear.

In the research category, the jet Gyrodyne is scheduled for a first public appearance. This helicopter is a complete hybrid : its fundamental design is that of the original Gyrodyne, but it has been adapted to incorporate many parts of the future Rotodyne ; so that the Rotodyne is having a sound testing before it is even built.

Another research aircraft is the FD-2, which last year hit the newspaper headlines under the descriptive title of "Droop Snoot." It has, in fact, a prolonged nose-piece which the pilot can lower at will on the ground or in flight to give a better forward view. But that is not the real point of this aircraft which has an easily memorised characteristic. It is twice as long as its width. The FD-2 is a research aircraft which sets out to prove in practice that by correct wing design the "rough ride" through the critical speed of the speed of sound, i.e., the sound barrier, can be taken as a smooth ride. The significance of this is that no bomber nor civil airliner has yet mastered the buffet of the sound barrier in level flight. The idea of passengers being thrown about in the airliner's cabin, or possibly strapped down to their seats, has only to be mentioned for the importance of the experimental work of the FD-2 delta to be realised.

It will probably be a great disappointment that the P.1 supersonic aircraft, the first British aircraft to exceed the speed of sound in level flight, is not scheduled to appear on the public days. Its presence, and almost certainly sensational demonstration, will be restricted to V.I.P. programme days. Britain has a winner in this aircraft, and the precious fair-weather days of our fleeting summer are such that time cannot be spared from a development programme that is working at full pressure. The P.1 will undoubtedly serve the major purpose of impressing foreign buyers with the fact that British technical leadership remains in good hands.

Finally, a word on crowds. The 1932 Hendon Show had about 1,000 guests. In 1954, there were 5,000 guests invited by the Society, drawn from foreign buyers, operators, builders of aircraft, and senior officers of the armed forces and Governments of about ninety friendly nations. In addition, there were 48,000 representatives of the British aircraft industry, and 300,000 total for the three public-viewing days.

All this takes no account of the crowds outside the actual aerodrome at Farnborough—the small boys who climb tall trees and ably wield a spy-glass ; nor of the great company of motorists with binoculars who have found the Hog's Back an admirable, and free, grandstand.

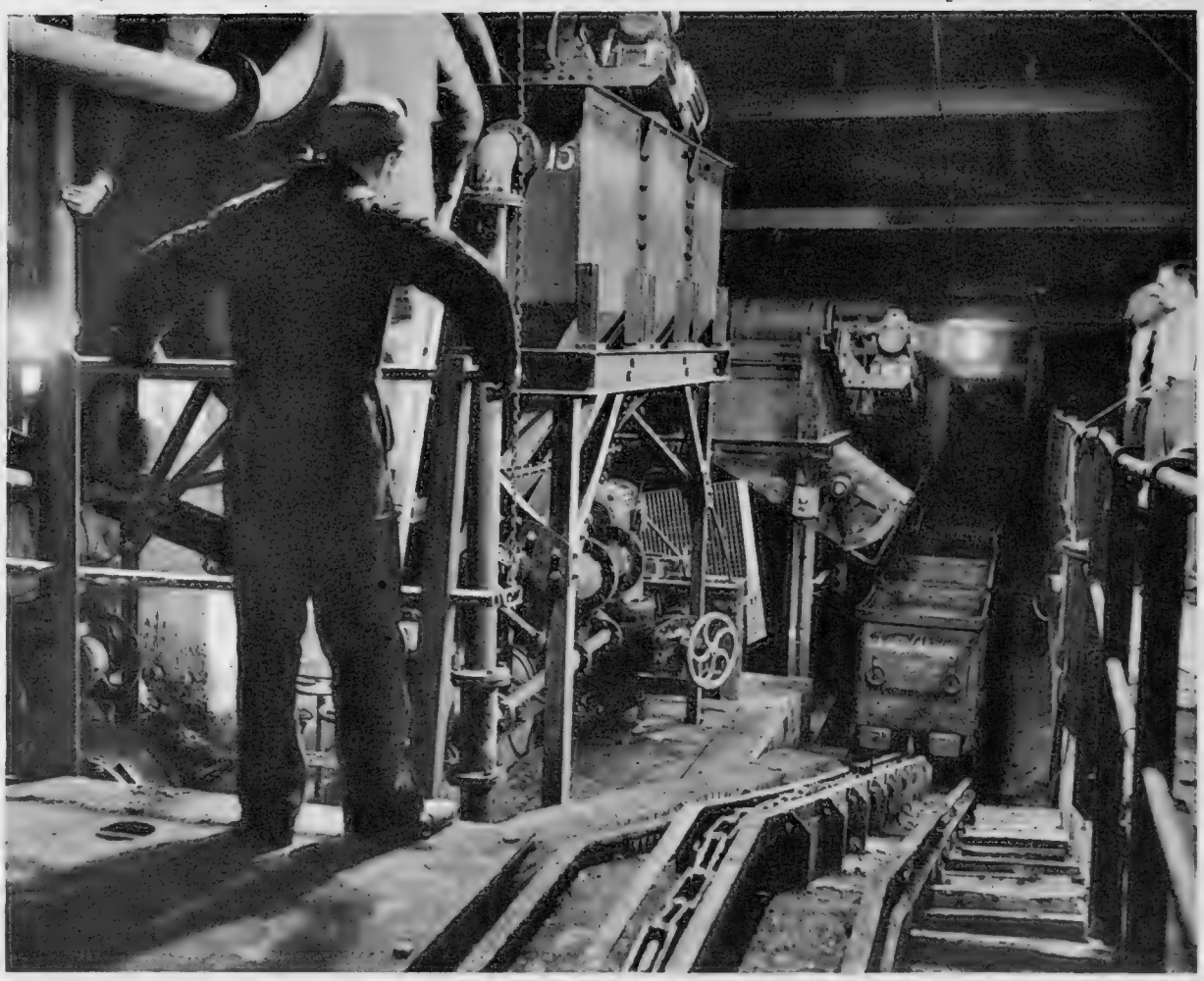
PUMPING COAL IN SCOTLAND

Testing a Coal Transport Pipe-line at Armadale, in West Lothian

Experiments are being carried out by the National Coal Board in raising coal to the surface through pipe-lines by means of high-pressure water. These tests at Woodend Colliery, Armadale, have followed much speculation and laboratory work on the possibility of raising coal from mine workings by this method.

The new problems that are encountered are the high pressures (up to 1,000 lb./sq. in.) and the large size of coal to be handled. These two factors combine to make it impossible to pass the mixture of coal and water through any known pumps and the N.C.B., therefore, in its experiments, has had to decide between two methods. These are to insert the coal into a pipe-line at some point after a pump of the conventional type has raised the pressure by pumping in clean water; or to devise a new type of pump which, by means of special valves, will handle the large lumps. Both these methods are being tried in the experiments at Woodend, and the present equipment is for the first method. Sixty tons per hour of coal up to at least 2-in. cubes are being pumped in a 7-in. diameter pipe-line the total length of which is 400 ft. The pressure is 300 lb./sq. in.

Much work has still to be done before the full usefulness of the system can be established; indeed, the work at Woodend may well extend over two years. Among the immediate aims are to determine the largest size of coal that can be conveyed in a given pipe: to determine the optimum ratio of coal to water, and to devise instruments for the automatic control of the system. Many of the advantages to be gained by piping the coal are indirect, but it must be emphasised that the system is not a substitute for winding and haulage methods.



RAISING COAL TO THE SURFACE FROM THE PIT BOTTOM AT WOODEND COLLIERY, ARMADALE: The small coal is brought to the pit bottom by tubs and there (*above* and *on left*) it is fed into the hoppers of a feeding device and thence to the coal transport pipe-line. It is then pumped to the surface through pipe-lines by means of high-pressure water. On the surface it is automatically separated from the water. Research into this project, by the National Coal Board, has been in progress for several years, but work on the actual pipe-line began fifteen months ago.

On right—

CLOSE-UP OF THE FEEDER: Mr. J. A. Magill (foreground) and Mr. A. Wright, who designed the equipment and supervised the installation, are examining the feeder after a demonstration run. The coal enters the feeder, then passes to the coal inlet port (centre) where, with the aid of the piston (bottom), it meets the flow of water and begins its journey to the surface.

ON THE SURFACE: *Left*—Here the water and coal are discharged from the pipe-line on to a vibrating wedge wire dewatering screen. The water passes through the screen to a silt recovery tank, and the coal which is left behind passes along the screen and is fed (*on right*) on to a conveyer belt leading direct to the colliery washery. Seen watching this operation are (in overalls) Mr. T. Stewart, the colliery manager, and Mr. D. Hunter, the agent. The pipe-line is the first of its kind in Britain and possibly the first in the world. Apart from standard items of equipment and certain specialised processes, the entire plant at Woodend has been designed by the N.C.B.'s engineering staff and manufactured in the Scottish Division's workshops. Many Scottish engineering firms have co-operated in the supply of the standard equipment.

IN THE WAKE OF THE FLOODS

As the Receding Waters in the North-eastern United States Reveal the Damage Caused by the Floods, the Work of Reconstruction Begins

As the floods which followed the torrential rain, brought to the north-eastern United States by Hurricane Diane, receded, it became possible to measure the extent of the disaster, which cost more than 200 lives. In blazing sunshine the inhabitants of towns in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts surveyed bitterly the damage wreaked upon their homes and their communities, as military and civil defence personnel, wearing surgical masks for protection, continued their search for missing victims among the rubble of ruined houses or in the rapidly-subsiding rivers. President Eisenhower, who had received a message of sympathy from the Queen, flew over the area to see the extent of the damage himself. He told the American nation in a broadcast that the reality of the destruction was far worse than anything they saw in the newspapers or on television. If necessary, President Eisenhower said, he would summon a special session of Congress to grant relief to the States affected. Meanwhile, the Governors of the States were making their own plans. In Connecticut Governor Ribicoff estimated the damage in his State at £350,000,000. But he gave the populations of the ruined towns a word of hope. "You have an opportunity to rebuild, so rebuild soundly. Get the maximum economical and social benefits out of this."

CLEARING UP IN A CONNECTICUT TOWNSHIP: Mud and furniture are intermingled during the clearing operations in Westbury after the floods had receded. In the background, leaning against a factory, is a block of flats, crushed and broken by the torrents, which housed sixteen families.

SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS IN A LAND OF DISRUPTED COMMUNICATIONS: Army and civilian telephone and radio engineers keep in touch with military personnel and helicopters searching for victims near Stroudsberg, Pennsylvania.

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES A PEACEFUL COMMUNITY: The neat, trim homesteads in Naugatuck, Connecticut, stand broken. Outside them the motor-cars of their occupants are overturned and shattered.

THE FLOODS DESTROYED ALL IN THEIR PATH: Another picture of the terrible destruction caused at Westbury, Connecticut. Railway trucks are battered, rails are twisted, concrete pavements pounded, and only wreckage remains of the New Haven and Hartford railway bridge.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A TOWN BRINGS WITH IT A CHANCE TO REBUILD: Petrol pumps uprooted, a bus overturned, pavements broken—these are the results of the floods in the town of Naugatuck.

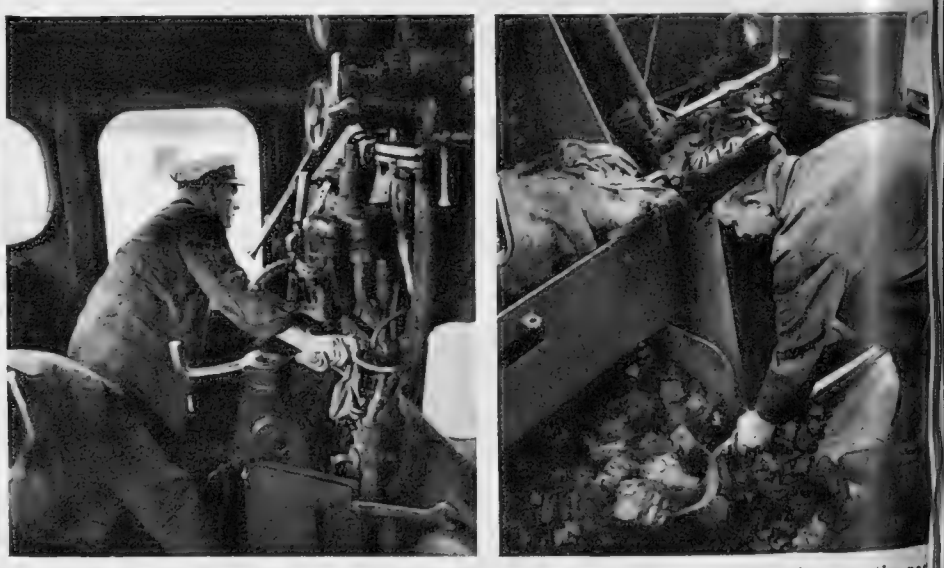
APPROACHING 85 M.P.H. ON A STRAIGHT SECTION BETWEEN LONDON AND PETERBOROUGH: Over the open, straight section, the A.2 Class locomotive, *Edward Thompson*, hauls the express, on the first stage of its journey to Edinburgh, as it hurtles along at high speed.

TRAINS THAT PASS IN THE DAY: The train from King's Cross to Edinburgh passes one of the "up" trains. Those on the footplate brace themselves for the thunderous clatter of the other train as it passes them.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FOOTPLATE

A Journey in the Cab of one of our Express Train Locomotives from King's Cross to Peterborough, Recorded by the Camera

NEARING JOURNEY'S END: The driver, Mr. W. Capp, looks out from his cabin at Peterborough Station in the distance. Throughout the journey he leans out at the side, watching every stretch of rail and every signal. Few engine-drivers use the spectacle window in the front of the cab.



THE DRIVER AND THE FIREMAN AT THEIR POSTS: *On left*—The ever-vigilant driver at the post which he will not relinquish until journey's end. The driver of a long-distance express would be relieved by another crew after about 100 miles. *On right*—The fireman, Mr. J. H. Fountain, is at work. In a 76-mile journey he shovelled nearly a ton of coal.

The romance of the railway has somehow survived this unromantic era of striving after ever greater speeds. It is surviving even the era of space ships and gamma-ray pistols. The hiss of steam, the feeling of movement, the dizzy rails dancing below the footplate—these are the impressions which still excite the young boy and which bring a thrill to his father—a trip on the footplate with one of Britain's fast express trains does nothing to shatter the romance. The pictures on these pages speak more effectively than words of the upsurge of excitement which such a journey inspires in the novice. They were taken from the footplate of an express which leaves King's Cross Station, London, for Edinburgh, and gets in to Peterborough barely 1½ hours later—a journey of 76 miles at an average speed of only just over 50 m.p.h. From Peterborough, the train, of twelve carriages and two dining-cars, is taken over by another engine and crew.

The locomotive from which the pictures were taken is called the *Edward Thompson*. It is an A.2 class locomotive, with twelve wheels (4—6—2), which, with its tender, weighs about 156 tons. The train it was pulling weighed another 500 tons, yet on the stretch to Peterborough it often reached speeds of 85 m.p.h. During that trip the fireman took on some 2,200 gallons of water and shovelled on nearly a ton of coal.

Driving a train of this size and at such a speed imposes a considerable strain. The driver can never really relax, for he has to keep a sharp look-out at all times. He knows that it may take him half a mile or more to pull up the train at speed, and on this journey to Peterborough he did, in fact, have to make one emergency stop, due to a faulty signal. Most drivers look round the side of their cabs—they rarely use the spectacle windows facing the front of the engine. This adds to the discomforts experienced by the driver and fireman from the vibration, from the smoke and grit which flies around the train and which engulfs the hot cab, and from the difficulties of carrying on a conversation except through a sign language of their own.

Despite these discomforts and the not very great rewards, there are many men still willing to become engine-drivers. Perhaps they, too, have captured something of the romance of the footplate, and feel a thrill which others can only derive from the fairground?

THE DRIVER TAKES A LOOK AT HIS RESPONSIBILITY : As he completes a curve the driver of the express can take a look back at his train. Through the dirt and dust which flies through the air as the draught from the train sends it swirling, he can reflect on what he is responsible for. There are fourteen carriages in the express, among them two dining-cars, and together they weigh some 500 tons—a big haul for his locomotive.

THE LONDON-TO-EDINBURGH EXPRESS EMERGES FROM A TUNNEL : The train forges through a tunnel on the journey to Peterborough through smoke and vapour, and emerges into a mixture of sunlight and sooty smoke with a hiss of steam and a thunderous roar. Inside the cab, to the inexperienced footplate passenger, the minutes through the tunnel seem endless. The cabin becomes hotter than ever, the smoke thickens, and with watering eyes an eerie vigil is kept until daylight appears again.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF GREAT MEN

The Authority of Legends and Last Words of Famous Men which Help to Make History "Real Life"

By JOHN GORE

"UNDERGROWTH OF HISTORY."—In a pamphlet for the Historical Association under the above title, the Headmaster of Eton got into early trouble from a hasty reader. In his pamphlet he examined the evidences of many of those sayings and doings of great men which have passed into history and found it necessary to demolish some of them. But the hasty reader failed to read Mr. Birley's passionate postscript pleading for the retention of "myths," without which much of the significance of history would be lost. All the same, it is doubtful whether a headmaster concerned with the education of boys should have ventured on such dangerous ground, such thin ice. It would have been wiser not to question the evidences nor to brand some of these famous sayings and doings as myths, since he is clearly aware that his boys need all the sugar they can have to coat the pill of learning.

It may be necessary that history must be learned at public schools on a system of watertight compartments, and not as the story of our race continuously unfolded. A bright boy may well find that the division to which he is allocated is dealing with "The Reform Bill era," and, getting his remove, must plunge next into "The Ancient Britons."

This, if inevitable, is a hard way to learn English History and a boy needs all the sugar he can have to swallow the whole pill and digest it.

History is Real Life.—I was taught history in that way, and it took me many years of self-education to reach the conclusion that true history is not a catalogue of (broken) treaties, (lost) military "victories," vital dates and watertight eras; not even "the story of our great men," but quite certainly the story of the common man, continuously unfolded, marching to his unknown destiny, uphill or downhill, each generation holding the hand of that which preceded and that which follows it. In a word, *social* history is the history that matters, not political; and perhaps something more than is done might be done to show pupils the contemporary history of the common man in other countries beside our own.

But, accepting the difficulties in schools, overcrowded and understaffed, of teaching history as a continuous story, it is the more important to humanise it as much as possible. In the early history books the kings and great men were revealed to us in illustrations, and the old woodcuts of crowned kings and mitred bishops of old time very precisely illustrated the aridity of their characters as presented to us. The "great men" are, of course, a necessary part of the story of the common man, for they have sometimes managed to make the common man's lot less ideal than he hoped, and any details concerning them which may help to show them to have been, or to be, men of like passions with ourselves are desirable.

Lytton Strachey opened his inaccurate little study of Creevey with a passage that well points this truth:

"Clio is one of the most glorious of the muses; but . . . suffers from a sad defect: she is apt to be pompous. . . . But the Fates have provided a corrective. They have decreed that in her stately advances she should be accompanied by certain apish, impish creatures. . . . They are the diarists and letter-writers, the gossips and journalists of the past, the Pepyses, Walpoles and Saint-Simons, whose function it is to reveal to us the littleness underlying great events and to remind us that history itself was once real life."

Our Debt to Clio's Imps.—That is well said. Without the imps, what would history be but a catalogue of dates, of wars (all lost) and treaties mostly broken and legislation often misconceived, illustrated throughout with woodcuts of the flat faces of important personages, as remote from reality as is an Egyptian mummy beside a glowing bathing belle. . . . ? The modern historian acknowledges a deep debt to these diarists, letter-writers and journalists, and I think he would regard them as too lightly dismissed under Strachey's epithets of impish and apish.

There were historian pioneers even in the Victorian age who realised that dry-as-dust history was not readable history and that it must be enlivened by all sorts of devices, such as *suppressio veri* to serve a political partizanship. Of such pioneers, Macaulay and Froude were masters, and neither of them altogether scorned the help of the imps. As for J. R. Green, he developed the theory (which Macaulay employed over a restricted period) to cover the whole of our history as a continuous unfolding of the social development of a people and the progress of the common man.

The modern historian, if he has any political bias, does what he can to conceal it with a veneer of strict impartiality and copious footnotes from writers of different political colour, and in these last, he selects so generously from the writings of "the imps and apes," and so handsomely acknowledges their contributions to the task of making history live, that he clearly has worthier adjectives to describe them. Flattered by the attention paid them by the historians, these diarists, letter-writers, journalists, and such, rightly set higher and higher store on their contributions to history.

Eye-witness Accounts.—And to this class of historical camp-follower, we must certainly add the anonymous contributors, the valets, the nurses, the secretaries who lived close to our great men, saw them in their informal settings, in their nightshirts as in their full dress, and caught them off their guard, and the riflemen and common soldiers who fought their planned battles for them, saw them galloping by in the smoke and anonymously contributed to their glory. After all, a great statesman must sometimes speak less pontifically than at the Treasury Bench, sometimes rap out a vulgar oath when he cuts himself shaving, and when he comes to die he must have a last word and not necessarily an exalted one.

If his valet hears that word and notes it down or passes it by word of mouth for posterity, there is no *prima facie* reason to dismiss it on the ground of improbability or triviality. For my part, I prefer Pitt's "I think I could fancy one of Bellamy's meat pies" to "Roll up that map of Europe." He would be a smart valet who *thought out* Bellamy's meat pie. Its very triviality is its authority. It makes a dying statesman come to life. But no doubt "My country, how I leave my country!" spoken out of a wandering mind, is a more dignified end for a great statesman than a babbling of meat pies. We know a lot about Wellington in his private and public life, but for my part I began to see him much more clearly when I read Creevey's report of his chance interview with the victor of Waterloo in his office in Brussels on June 19, 1815. That "nice run thing" and "It wouldn't have done." Such lights are the bright lights of history.

Cynics have said: old Creevey was a journalist, and a bore about his Waterloo experiences; and he wrote this stuff down only in 1822. But that is untrue. He copied these remarks out of letters, written that very day of his famous interview, to his step-son and to his friend Grey Bennet, and had called in the originals when he wrote his report in 1822. Such remarks are beyond pure invention, though the exact wording in which they are related in posterity invariably alters.

I see no vital difference between "Stand up, guards" or "Up guards and at 'em." The Duke was on the spot at the relevant time, and gave the order, a necessary order in that sense. And who could have invented "Let not poor Nelly starve" or the general sense of that "unconscionable time a-dying"?

Legends.—But no doubt we must admit a difference (and act differently in our methods of investigation) between words spoken by great men and popular legends which grow up around them posthumously. In respect of both, the maxim "there 's no smoke without fire" is reasonably applicable. The spoken words reported by witnesses are never to be accepted verbatim. Their sense, I should judge, may usually be accepted. If you have suffered at public dinners an oft-told tale, a funny anecdote, I doubt if you ever heard it told in the same words, but the sense (or nonsense) remains, whatever the choice of words.

Traditional anecdotes of great men are in a different category. Here you must employ the rules of evidence in force in the High Court. "What the soldier said" he heard Wellington cry out on the stricken field is more likely to be accepted as reasonably true than what grandmama told the children about Alfred and the burnt cakes. For the method of the legend-builders is to dress up a great historical figure in the dress which seems to suit what is known of his character, and in choosing such finery any piece from the scrap drawer which seems appropriate will do. Thus it is that sometimes the same anecdote is traditionally fastened on two worthies of different periods but of the same known characteristics.

Suspect the Commercial Motive.—I find many excuses for the historical legend-builders. I pay a great deal of regard for the *recognita* of the eye-witness, the valets and the common soldiers and such, who chanced to see and overhear the words spoken by historical figures on notable or informal occasions. But wherever a *commercial* motive is clearly to be seen, then indeed the rules of evidence insisted on in the High Court are needed, and are barely strict enough.

The legends attached to the supreme figure in our literature are all the witness we need of commercially tainted origins, and Ivor Brown's *Amazing Monument* is a complete indictment of the bogus façade of Shakespeare's Stratford, the "creation" for commercial ends of a "birthplace," of Anne Hathaway's cottage, with "authentic" furnishings to match, of anecdotes to suit all moods and to "match" with references in the plays, the whole comprising a great commercial fraud coolly and shrewdly set on foot when Shakespeare, after a century of obscurity, began to be shown to be "box-office" by Garrick's acting.

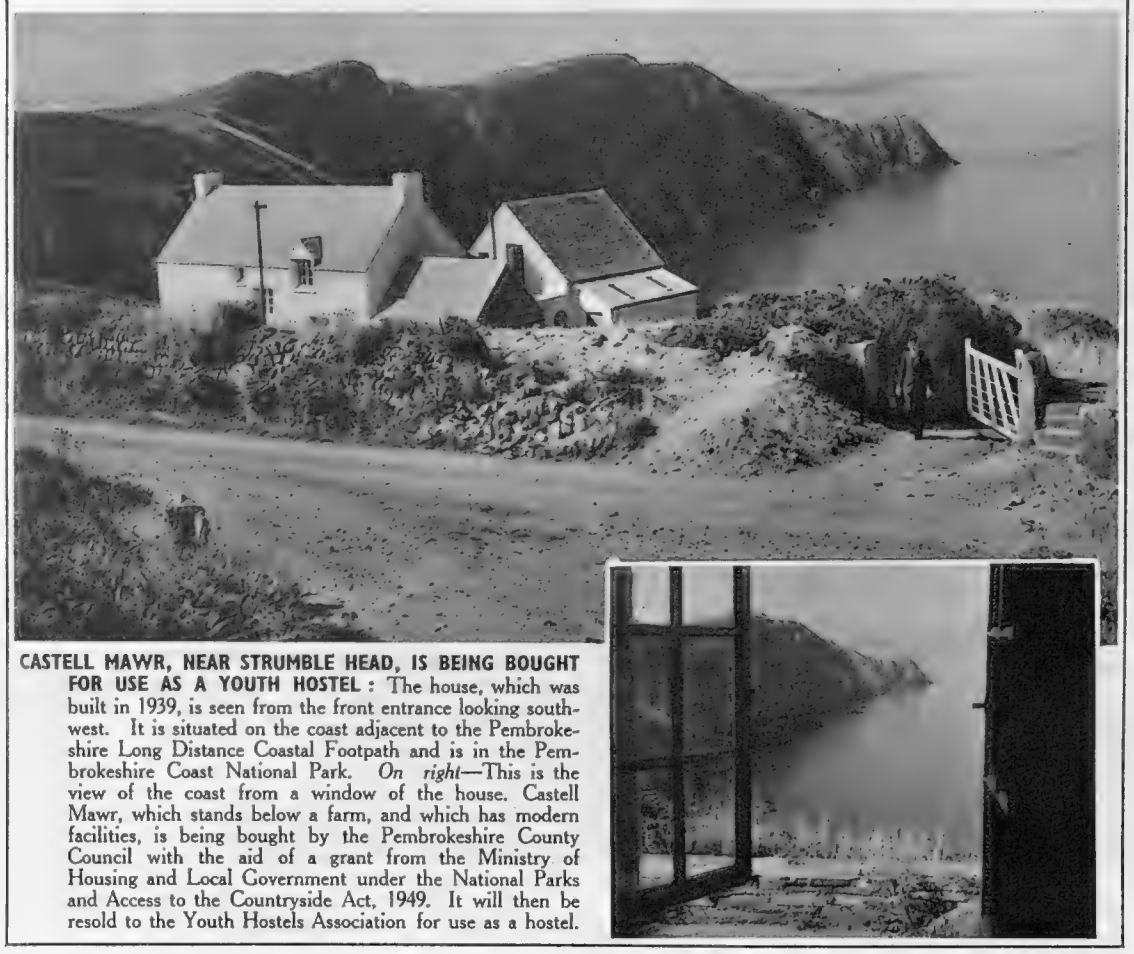
"Alfred and the cakes"—the child's first history-lesson—has, I believe, no place in Asser or in the authentic chronicles from which Alfred's obscure career is pieced together. But I greatly prefer it to Shakespeare's stealing the deer or the lover's bench in the Hathaway cottage, for the reason that the former legend is not tainted with dirty money.

The motive which gave the Alfred legend life is pure. Moreover, it is sound. If history is to be read, if its lessons are to be learned, every legitimate or reasonable means must be used to prove to reluctant pupils that it "was once real life," and that those who made it, generation after generation back to Methuselah, were men of like passions with ourselves, and certainly our peers, alike in ability and frailty. There is nothing quite so tragi-comic as one generation debunking its ancestors, blind to the poetic justice awaiting it at its grandchildren's hands. But there is nothing quite so rash as the debunking of historical legend (unless commercially suspect and tainted) by a teacher whose function it is to encourage an interest in history in his pupils.

But, though it is clearly rash, his motive is pure and he may justify the risk as an exercise of his undoubted duty to uphold the high principles which must guide the writer of history and the cool detachment which must prevail with the reader of it. History was "real life," but real life is seldom Hollywood real life. It is more sombre, duller, less colourful and sensational.

The writer of it must try to make it human by every reasonable means, but the reader has a duty to suspect him if he lay the colour on too thick or seek to paint a handsome face by suppressing an ugly feature or inventing a doubtful dimple.

A NEW YOUTH HOSTEL IN THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST NATIONAL PARK



CASTELL MAWR, NEAR STRUMBLE HEAD, IS BEING BOUGHT FOR USE AS A YOUTH HOSTEL: The house, which was built in 1939, is seen from the front entrance looking south-west. It is situated on the coast adjacent to the Pembrokeshire Long Distance Coastal Footpath and is in the Pembrokeshire Coast National Park. *On right*—This is the view of the coast from a window of the house. Castell Mawr, which stands below a farm, and which has modern facilities, is being bought by the Pembrokeshire County Council with the aid of a grant from the Ministry of Housing and Local Government under the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949. It will then be resold to the Youth Hostels Association for use as a hostel.

OFF TO NEW YORK : The record-breaking English Electric Canberra jet bomber makes a neat getaway from London Airport at the start of its day trip to New York and back. The round time for the return flight, including half an hour on the ground at New York, was just under 14¼ hours. Three records were set up.

6,920 MILES IN 14 HOURS

The Day Trip from London to New York and Back by a Canberra Jet Bomber

On its recent day return trip to New York from London, the English Electric Canberra Mark 7 bomber established two new records and broke an existing one. It completed the round trip (timed from Croydon Airport) in 14 hours 21 mins. 45.4 secs. at an average speed of 481.52 m.p.h. The outward trip was accomplished in a time of a few seconds under 7½ hours. These two times are new records. The eastward return journey took 6 hours 16 mins. 59.5 secs. and the average speed was 550.35 m.p.h. This beat the existing official record set up in 1937 of 20 hours 29 mins.

Because English Electric test pilots are working full out on test flight programmes for the Canberra and P.1 fighter, the record-breaking aircraft was piloted by J. Hackett and navigated by Peter Moneypenny, both of Silver City Airways. The two men have previously ferried Canberras to many parts of the world, but normally fly the slow and ponderous Bristol freighter aircraft. London Airport was left at 7.10 a.m. and Croydon, the starting-point, eight minutes later. Flying for most of the outward journey at 52,000 ft. against headwinds, the Canberra reached Floyd Bennet airfield near New York at 2.48 p.m. (B.S.T.) and left after a thirty-five-minute refuelling and briefing halt. The pilot later paid tribute to the Anglo-American co-operation which made the quick turn-round possible. The return flight was made at a slightly lower altitude to take advantage of tail winds and the check-point at Croydon was passed at 9.41 p.m. The landing at London Airport was made ten minutes later. The Canberra now holds seventeen world class records, including altitude.

BACK AT LONDON IN TIME FOR DINNER : The pilot, Captain John Hackett (left), and navigator, Mr. Peter Moneypenny, are escorted through cheering crowds after climbing out of the Canberra on their return.

SEVEN-AND-A-HALF HOURS AFTER LEAVING LONDON—THE CANBERRA IN NEW YORK : The landing was made at Floyd Bennet naval airfield where technicians of the English Electric Company and United States Servicemen refuelled the Canberra bomber in record time.

TAXI-ING IN AT LONDON AIRPORT : The Canberra rolls slowly into No. 1 landing bay at London Airport after a flight in which it set up three more records, subject to official confirmation. The pilot later said that the journey was smooth and that both he and his navigator felt reasonably fresh after more than fourteen hours in the air. The jet plane was a Mark 7 model as supplied to the Royal Air Force, and was fitted with wing-tip fuel tanks which were jettisoned when empty.

ONE OF THE MAIN PORTS OF THE OUTER ISLES : At the jetty of Lochboisdale, in South Uist, the Outer Hebrides, is the *Glenshira*. She is loading with processed seaweed, one of the island's industries. The inhabitants are protesting against the Government's proposal to establish a range for guided missiles on South Uist.

MODERN BUILDINGS : The new secondary school at Daliburgh is nearing completion. It will serve South Uist and the neighbouring island Benbecula.

ELECTRIC POWER : The station at Daliburgh is also nearly finished. The islanders fear they may have to leave their homes because of the range.

A SITE FOR A MISSILE RANGE?

South Uist Objects to the Plan for a Guided Missile Training Centre There

WEAVING A FAMOUS TWEED : Machinery is now used for weaving some of the Harris tweed of South Uist. But much of it is still hand-woven by the crofters at home.

THE OLD STYLE SURVIVES : The crofters' cottages in this hamlet are of the traditional type, with thatched roofs. But on the farms mechanical equipment is being increasingly employed to make work less arduous. To help in the marketing of produce an egg-grading station has been set up on the island.

A LINK WITH ITS NEIGHBOUR : The bridge, built during the war, runs from South Uist to Benbecula. On the latter is a war-time airstrip, now the terminal for a daily air service from Glasgow, which brings in newspapers and mail. The regular steamer service also carries many engaged on business to economically-prosperous South Uist.

"Our island is a paradise, not only for tourists but also for the people who live on it. They love it." In making this statement recently Father John Morrison, the parish priest of Ardkenneth, in South Uist, was voicing the general feelings of the 2,500 inhabitants of the island, most of whom are Roman Catholics.

Father Morrison has been prominent in the objections of the islanders to the Government's scheme to set up a range there for training forces in the use of guided missiles. The people believe that its establishment would mean they might have to leave their homes and it would deal a serious blow to their current thriving prosperity. At a public protest meeting, widely attended from all over the island, those present urged the authorities to reconsider their intentions. Members of the district council of South Uist also met Mr. James Stuart, Secretary of State for Scotland, during his annual tour of the Hebrides last month. They expressed their concern about the project and told him that they had not been informed how much land would be involved nor how the life of the island would be affected.

South Uist is one of the most prosperous communities in the Hebrides, with good crofts and a number of flourishing industries. For example, there is the tweed industry. For generations the crofters have woven the famous tweed in their homes. Now factories have been started too, employing seventy-two men and paying out £700 in weekly wages. The seaweed industry is another thriving concern. During the past ten years it has steadily expanded and paid £50,000 to crofters and full-time employees. Crofter-fishermen collect the weed and it is then processed for use in the manufacture of a wide variety of articles ranging from surgical dressings to sausage-skins.

Those working on the land are bringing in more and more mechanical means to assist in their labours and reaping the rewards. The island's egg trade has been stimulated by the establishment of an egg-grading station.

The war began the improvement of conditions on South Uist. Although the visitor will still find much surviving of the old and traditional style, he will also see a great deal of modern progress. In one house there may be oil lamps and peat fires. In another electric light and the latest household gadgets. But the new Diesel-electric station will soon supply all homes.

The approach made by the inhabitants to the authorities regarding the guided missile range is all the more effective for the reasonable moderation of its tone. They make it clear that they are not indifferent to the national interest which, it is said, could best be served by siting the range in the Hebrides. But, they add, it will lead to the destruction of South Uist's communal prosperity and that surely another site can be found.

WESTMINSTER TREASURES ON SHOW

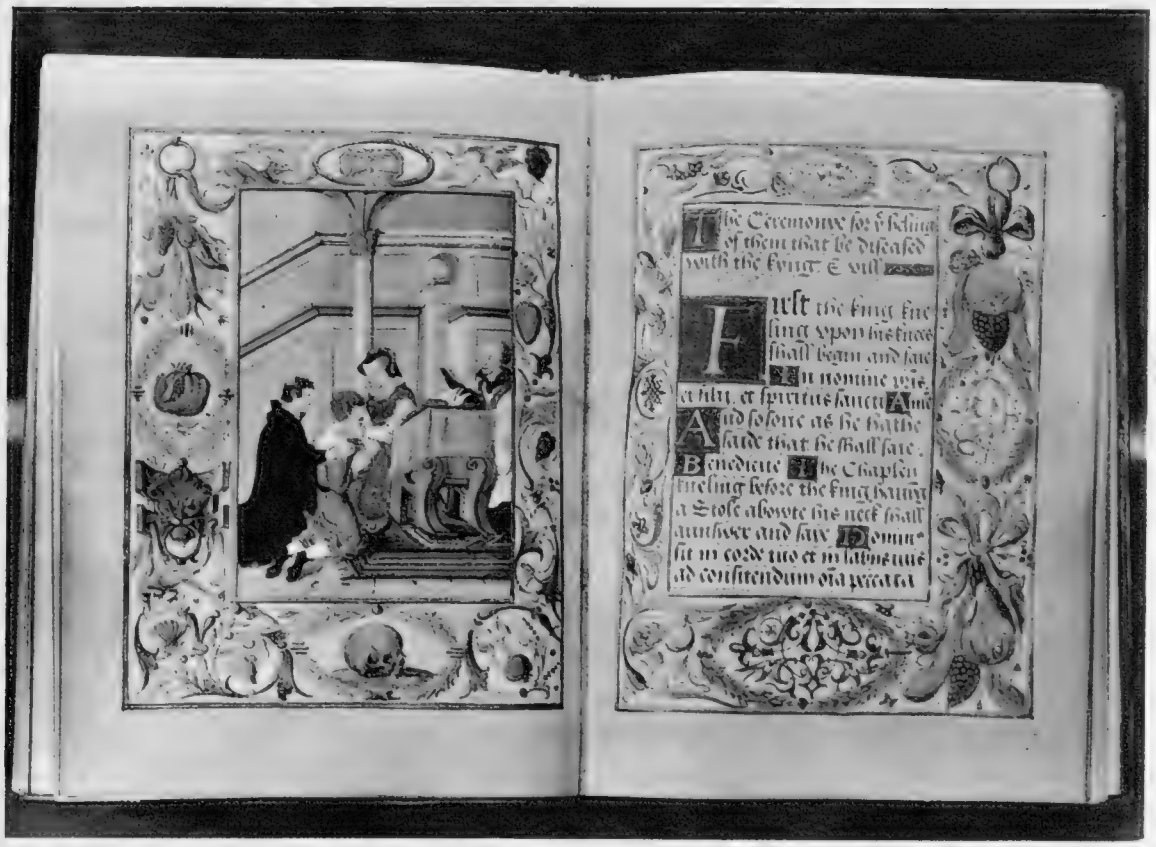
A Permanent Exhibition of the Plate in Constant Use at the Cathedral

On left—
A RICH COLLECTION OF CHURCH PLATE WHICH IS NOW ON SHOW TO THE PUBLIC: The Rev. John Adam, Sacristan of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, arranges some of the plate and ornaments which are on permanent exhibition in the Sacristy. They are being shown for the first time in response to requests by the public. The exhibition was opened last week by Cardinal Griffin, the ceremony coinciding with the last day of the Pax Romana World Congress in London and Nottingham. Most of the items of plate, which are displayed in show-cases in the Sacristy, are in constant use in the Cathedral. There are thirty-two groups of plate on show in addition to the complete set of twenty-two pieces of early nineteenth-century silver-gilt plate engraved with the coat of arms of Cardinal Howard and set with blood stones. The exhibition is open on weekdays between 11.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. On Sundays, however, the times are from 2 to 3 p.m. and later from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m.

Below—
CRUETS AND TRAY: Made by John Angell, they bear the London hall-mark 1822. The cruets, which contain the wine and water for the chalice, stand on the credence during Mass.

ANCIENT AND MODERN: The solid gold pyx on the left is the only known example of Roman Catholic plate made in England in the reign of Charles I. The crown known as "Our Lady's Crown" was designed and executed by Mr. Omar Ramsden in 1929. It contains nearly 400 stones which, with the gold, were given by benefactors. The principal decorative features consist of the Star and the Fleur-de-Lys.

A GILT METAL MITRE: This is said to have been used by Bishop Challoner (1691-1781). The silver-gilt chalice on the left is dated 1529. The foot, stem and knop of the other chalice are fifteenth-century; the bowl was added in the early nineteenth century.



MARY TUDOR'S MANUAL FOR THE "BLESSING OF CRAMP RINGS," AND "TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL": The picture shows Queen Mary performing the rite of "touching for the King's Evil" upon an afflicted child. Cramp rings were worn as a cure for cramp and epilepsy. The legend dates back to Edward the Confessor.

A LAND RECLAMATION SCHEME NEAR NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: A photograph taken shortly after silt and sand dredged from the River Tyne had been placed into the Lemington Gut, which for many years had been a useless backwater. The scheme was carried out by the Westminster Dredging Company under contract to the Tyne Improvement Commission. The dredging craft used were built in Holland. Not only has the Lemington Gut been filled in, but ash hoppers working between the two new Stella power stations (Stella North on the far right and Stella South behind the cooling towers in the picture) can now use the deepened river channel at any state of the tide and with a full cargo. The mud and sand with which the Old Lemington Gut has been filled will eventually settle and then further sand will be pumped over the top of this to make an area of useful land. Almost one million tons of silt and sand were dredged from the Tyne. Work started last year, but spring floods caused further dredging. This was the largest dredging operation ever carried out on the Tyne.

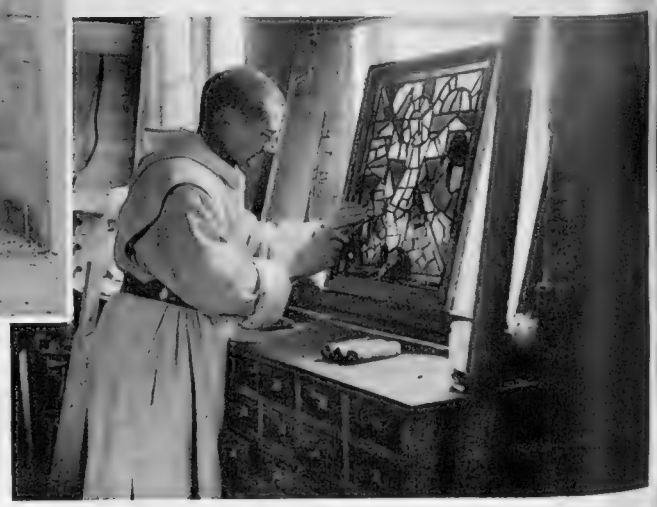
THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

RESTORING A MEDIEVAL PRIORY IN SCOTLAND: Near Elgin, in Scotland, a monk rings the bell for service in the thirteenth-century Priory at Pluscarden, the buildings of which are being restored by a community of the Benedictine Order. *On right*—A brother works on a panel of stained glass depicting the Crucifixion, which will be fixed in the window above the High Altar. The monks have been engaged on the restoration since 1948, when the Priory was given to them by Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, the uncle of the Marquess of Bute. Although there is still considerable work to be done, a reopening ceremony is being held at Pluscarden on the 20th of this month, in which Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart will take part. The Priory was founded in 1203 by King Alexander II of Scotland and was originally occupied by Cistercian monks.

ISLAM IN LONDON: The Nigerian chief, Abdul Gafari Kuku (left), talks with Hazrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmud Ahmad, the head of a Muslim movement, at a reception in London.

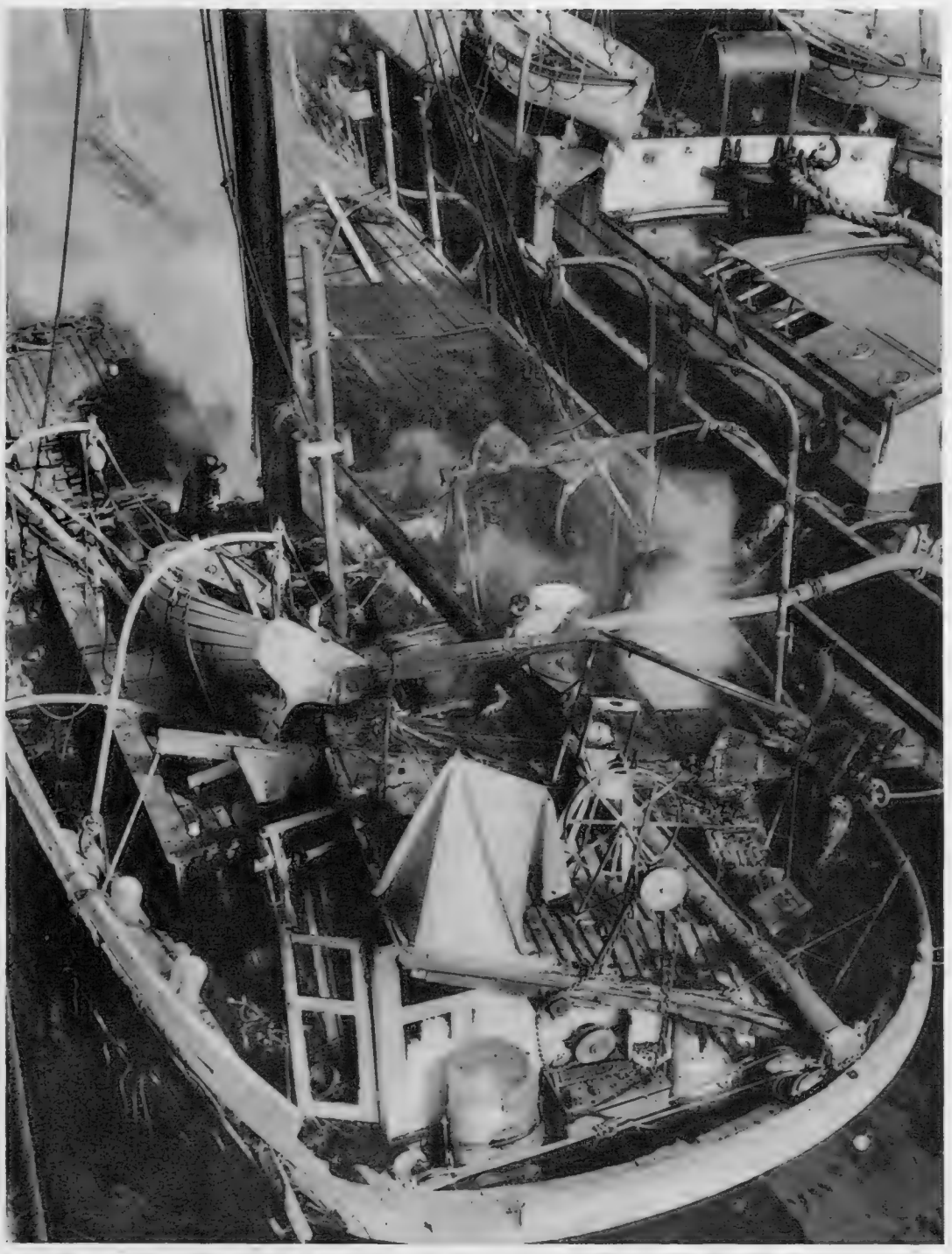
SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: Ninety-three-year-old Mr. Samuel Caldwell, who is in charge of the stained-glass windows at Canterbury Cathedral, is seen with his assistant, Mr. D. A. West. Mr. Caldwell has recently announced that he intends to retire in three years' time. He began his career in the Cathedral seventy-eight years ago, and for all but eight he has held his present position.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL RETURNS TO THE SUDAN : Sir Alexander Knox Helm is seen at London Airport with his wife shortly before flying back to the Sudan. With them are their children, Ann (left), Donald and Isobel. Before reaching Khartoum Sir Knox Helm had a long talk with Major Salah Salem, Egyptian Minister of State for Sudan Affairs, and with the Prime Minister, Col. Nasser.

A ROYAL NAVAL VESSEL IS HANDED TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY : Officers and ratings are seen on board the Seaward Defence boat *Nautilus* during a ceremony held at H.M.S. *Hornet*, Gosport, in which the Royal Navy handed the boat over to the South African Navy. Here the commissioning service is being held on board.

THE SHOOTING AFFAIR AT BROADSTAIRS : United States Service personnel and British policemen gather around the ambulance which was called to pick up the body of the American airman who killed three people and injured many others. The affair started at the air base at Manston, shared by the U.S.A.F. and R.A.F., when the airman, Napoleon Green, aged twenty-one, acquired a revolver and a rifle. He then, for no apparent reason, shot dead an R.A.F. sergeant and a U.S.A.F. master sergeant and wounded a British girl employed at the camp. As United States and British Servicemen rushed from their offices to investigate, an R.A.F. corporal was also shot dead. Rushing through the main gates, Green then commandeered a car driven by an American master sergeant and drove to Broadstairs, where he wandered along the beach. When Kent police and American military police arrived, there followed a chase along the beach culminating in a battle in which Green shot himself.



A STILL-SMOULDERING SHIP IS TOWED INTO HARBOUR : The 300-ton all-wooden Danish schooner *Hand Agede* is seen after she had been towed into Dover Harbour after catching fire in the North Sea. There were no casualties, but the engine-room and living quarters were badly damaged.

THE MARCH OF THE CLANSMEN AT THE LONACH HIGHLAND GAMES : The colourful scene which preceded the 114th Lonach gathering at Bellabeg Park, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire. The piping, dancing and athletics which followed the march were watched by a large crowd, which included many visitors from overseas. Among these was the Emir of Dikwa, a district in the Northern Cameroons.

EDINBURGH PREMIERES

And Other Pictures from the Start of the Annual Arts Festival in Scotland's Capital

THE NEW THORNTON WILDER PLAY: Alcestis (Irene Worth) and Admetus (Robert Hardy) in *A Life in the Sun* during its premiere at the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh.

A GREEK LEGEND RETOLD: In *A Life in the Sun* are Hercules (Rupert Davies), centre left, wearing a hood; the First Watchman (Laurence Hardy), centre, with a club; and, immediately behind him, Aglaia (Madeleine Christie). This story of Alcestis was commissioned by the Edinburgh Festival Society.

Those who enjoy the enviable fortune of going to the Edinburgh Festival now accept it as a matter of course that they are going to be faced by an embarrassment of riches. Indeed, it is a unique occasion in both quality and quantity.

The musically-minded can hear orchestras from Berlin, New York and the B.B.C.

Opera this year centres on the Glyndebourne Company. Carl Ebert offers an entirely new production of *Falstaff*. So this can be regarded as a premiere, as definitely on the drama side is Thornton Wilder's *A Life in the Sun*. He wrote this play specially for performance on the apron stage of the Assembly Hall. At the Lyceum Theatre the Old Vic Company opened with *Julius Cæsar*.

There are many art exhibitions, and the historian will find displays of documents,

A FAMOUS OPERATIC DIRECTOR: Mr. Carl Ebert (seated second from left) discusses a score with some of the members of the Glyndebourne Opera Company, of which he is Director. At Edinburgh the Company opened with *The Barber of Seville* and followed with Verdi's *Falstaff*.

ANOTHER PLAY SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: Lennox Milne (seated on the left) and Tom Fleming (seated right) lead in Robert Kemp's *The Conspirators*, at the Gateway Theatre. Those standing are, from left—John Mackenzie, George Davies, Brian Mahoney, Nell Ballantyne, Lea Ashton, Peter Nichols and Norman Fraser.

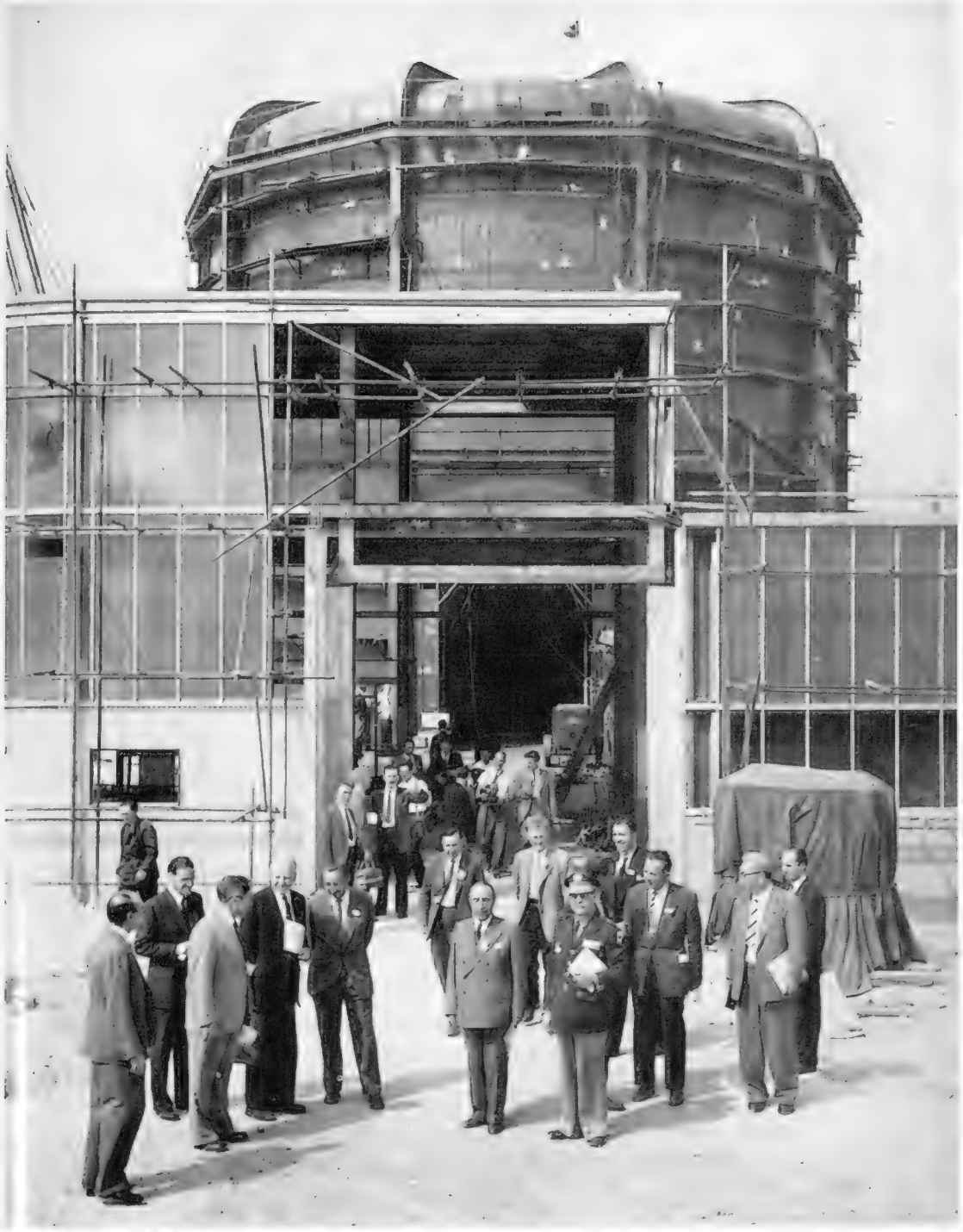
"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE": In Rossini's opera, at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, the principals of the Glyndebourne Company here are, from the left—Ambrogio (Harold Williams); Bartolo (Ian Wallace); Figaro (Sesto Bruscantini); an Officer (David Kelly); Almaviva (Juan Oncina); Rosina (Gianna D'Angelo); and Bertha (Monica Sinclair). The conductor is Alberto Erede, and production and direction are by Professor Carl Ebert. As usual, there is a wide variety of opera and orchestral music at Edinburgh this year.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF A NEW PRODUCTION OF "FALSTAFF": The lovers in Verdi's lavish masterpiece are discovered hiding. On the extreme left Pistol (Marco Stefanoni) is ordering the screen to be withdrawn from the lovers, Nannetta (Eugenia Ratti) and Fenton (Juan Oncina). On the right, at the bottom of the stairs, Falstaff (Fernando Corena) hides in a basket surrounded by the Mistresses. The Glyndebourne Company's performance of this opera at Edinburgh was the premiere of an entirely new production.

BRITAIN'S ATOMIC RESEARCH ON VIEW

Scientists from Thirty-two Nations, Including Communists, Visit the Establishment at Harwell

INFORMATION : Mr. T. G. Smith (centre), of the Harwell Engineering Division, explains a technical point to (from left) Dr. Roca (Cuba) ; M. Milhaud (France) ; Mr. Pelley (British Acting Consul-General in Geneva) ; and Dr. Dominic (Turkey).



THE HEAVY WATER REACTOR IS A CENTRE OF INTEREST : *Left*—Some of the 150 scientists during their tour of Britain's Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell, in Berkshire, are leaving the building in which the thermal neutron heavy water reactor is being constructed. *Right*—Another party of the visitors examines the reactor in close detail. The scientists, from thirty-two nations including Russia and other Iron Curtain countries, flew for their day's visit to Harwell from Geneva.

A RUSSIAN IS EAGER TO LEARN : Sir John Cockcroft, Director of Harwell, goes over the day's programme with Professor V. V. Vladimirsky, one of the fourteen scientists from Russia.

On a morning last week three airliners landed at Benson, in Oxfordshire. They had flown from Geneva and carried a tremendous concentration of scientific brain-power, for their passengers were over 100 of the experts who had been discussing the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy for several days at Geneva. They were then driven in buses to the neighbouring county of Berkshire, to Harwell, one of Britain's important atomic research establishments. There they were joined by other scientists who had come by different means from Geneva. Altogether a total of 150 from thirty-two nations were gathered to see something of Britain's atomic research development. Russians, Chinese, and Czechs rubbed shoulders with Americans, Frenchmen and Turks.

From the security view, the visit was "unclassified," meaning that all the information available is off the secret list. But on the day after this a special party of American and Canadian scientists, who had also been participating in the Geneva Conference, arrived at Harwell for two days and saw research still under security classification.

FROM THE EAST AND THE WEST : In this group being shown Britain's development in atomic research are scientists from the East and the West—from the United States, Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Sir John Cockcroft told them : "We are essentially a research and development establishment . . . for large-scale nuclear power."

A NEWS REVIEW

English and Scottish Pictures from Town and Country

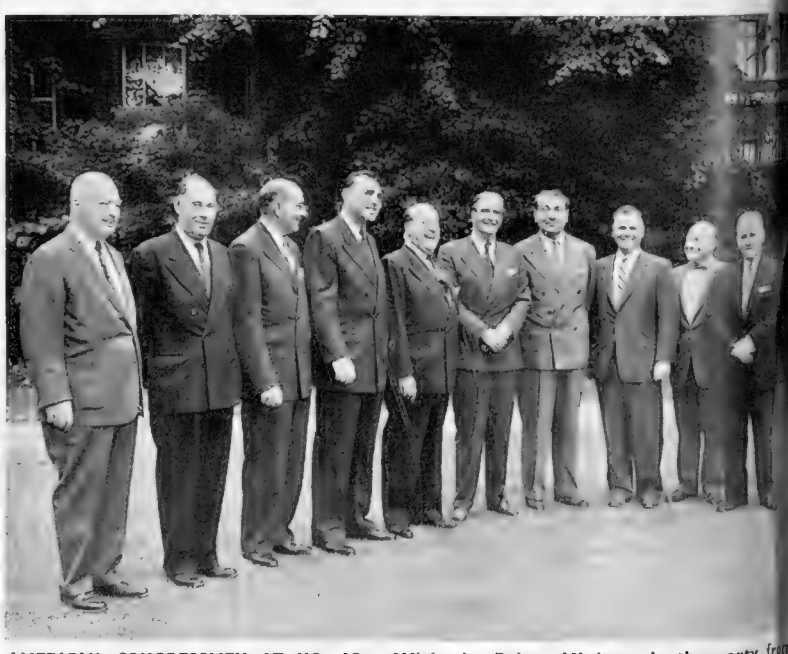
THE QUEEN MOTHER IN PERTH : She is seen shaking hands with the Rev. W. A. Smellie during her visit to St. John's kirk to unveil a stained-glass memorial window to officers and men of the 6th Battalion, the Black Watch, who died during the Second World War. The Queen Mother is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

A P. & O. "FAMILY OCCASION" : Captain R. G. Freeman, commander of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's 28,000-ton liner *Himalaya*, shows stockholders round the sports deck of his ship at Tilbury. They were some of a party of 300 of the P. & O. stockholders who were invited by the Company to visit the ship last week. They came from all parts of the British Isles. In welcoming them Sir William Currie, the Chairman of the Company, told them that it was the first time such a visit had been arranged and that it was a "family occasion." The visitors were then taken round the liner, of which they are part-owners. Two more visits to P. & O. ships have been arranged for stockholders—to the *Iberia* this month and to the *Arcadia* in October.

On left—

A PRO-ENOSIS DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON : Cypriots carrying banners with slogans demanding Union with Greece march down Whitehall, in London, on their way to Downing Street. At the Prime Minister's residence their leaders presented a petition demanding self-determination with Cyprus. The march took place last Sunday, on the eve of the Tripartite talks in London between Great Britain, Greece and Turkey regarding the future of Cyprus. The petition had been adopted at a meeting attended by nearly a thousand people and sponsored by the provisional National Cypriot Committee, which, it is claimed, represents some 75 per cent. of the 35,000 Cypriots in England. A similar petition, said to have been approved by a large proportion of London's Greek Community, was taken last Sunday to the hotel in which M. Stefanopoulos, the Greek Foreign Minister, is staying for the Cyprus conference.

"EAST COMES WEST" : This was one of the tableaux in the procession of decorated boats in the Venetian fête last Saturday on the River Avon at Warwick. Among those who attended the fête were the Prime Minister and Lady Eden. On the same day Sir Anthony Eden spoke at the Conservative Association's garden party at Stoneleigh Park, in Warwickshire. He warned the country that Britain was no longer paying her way.

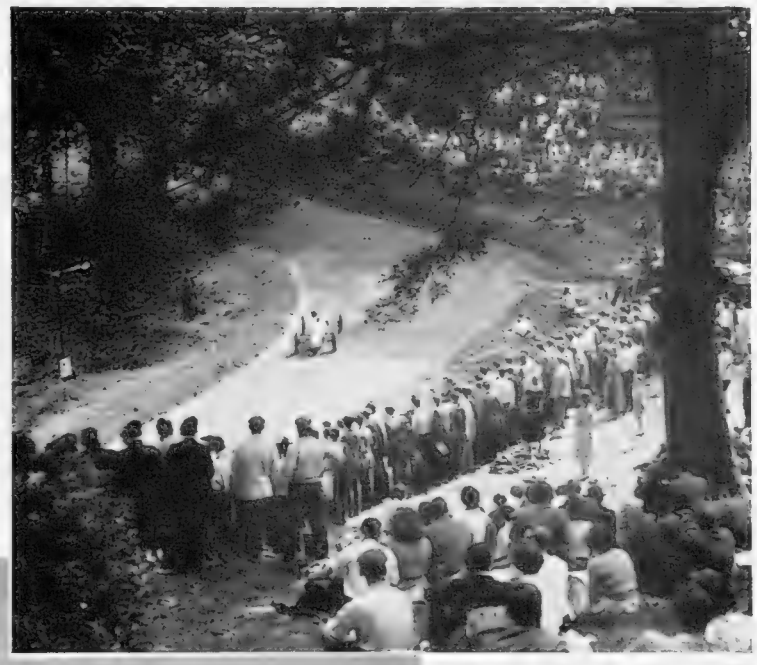


AMERICAN CONGRESSMEN AT NO. 10 : With the Prime Minister is the party from the House of Representatives during its visit to Britain. From left are Congressmen J. J. Allen, Jnr. ; E. J. Robeson ; E. Garmatz ; T. Ashton Thompson ; F. W. Boykin ; Sir Anthony Eden ; Mr. W. W. Butterworth, U.S. Chargé d'Affaires ; Congressmen W. S. Mailliard ; F. E. Dorn and J. A. Byrn

AGROUND IN THE HEBRIDES: An aerial view of the 6,965-ton steamer *Craigaur*, showing her aground on the rocks off Barra Head, in Vatersay Bay, Isle of Barra. Although the *Craigaur's* No. 2 hold was damaged, she was refloated within a short time.

On left—

THE RADIO SHOW OPENS TWO DAYS LATE: Dr. Charles Hill, the Postmaster-General, opening the Show at Earls Court last Friday, two days later than had originally been planned because of stoppages through labour disputes. Foreign orders were lost as a result.



SHELSLEY WALSH HILL CLIMB, NEAR WORCESTER: C. S. Henderson driving a Cooper at the Golden Jubilee hill climb contest which was organised last week-end by the Midland Automobile Club at Shelsley Walsh. The fastest times at the contest were made by Tony Marsh in a Cooper (36·08 secs.) and Ken Wharton in a 2-litre supercharged E.R.A. (36·15 secs.). The record run of 35·8 secs. was set up by Wharton last year. At the first event at Shelsley Walsh in 1905, the best climb was 77·6 secs. by Rupert Instone in a Daimler. Last week-end's contest also included a procession of vintage cars.

On left—

SAILING DINGHIES IN DARTMOUTH HARBOUR DURING THE ROYAL REGATTA: Most of the yachts are seen heading towards the sea at the start of the race for Dart One-Designs on the first of the three days of Dartmouth Royal Regatta. The competitors are seen from the Royal Dart Yacht Club in Kingswear; on the other side of the Dart is the town of Dartmouth itself. This particular race was won by Miss A. M. Hine Haycock, in *Dodo*, who also won on the second day, and came third on the last. Racing was very close, and on the second day eleven boats completed the first round at Compass Point within three seconds of each other.

NEWCOMERS AT THE ZOO

Recent Arrivals and Babies at Regent's Park, in London; and Other Pictures of Animals in England

JOEY MAKES HIS BOW: The twelve-week-old baby sea-lion sits on his mother's back in Regent's Park and plays to an enthusiastic gallery. Joey was born to his mother Tiny (seen with him here) and his father Bill, on June 15. He is already enjoying himself as a star among the Zoo inhabitants.

On left and right—

PROUD PARENTS: The king penguins, George and Mary, are proud and jealous parents of their chick Sally. The pictures were taken when their daughter was three weeks old, and were some of the first which these possessive parents allowed to be recorded. Previously, they had refused to permit photographers near Sally in the Zoological Gardens.

SEA COWS IN LONDON'S ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: *Above* and *on the left* are pictures of the pair of manatees which are among the latest additions at the Zoo. These 8-ft.-long aquatic mammals of the order of sea cows, are housed in a pool holding 8,000 gallons of fresh water. Each of them eats about seventy lettuces a day. Natives of the coasts of South America and Africa, they are vegetarians and in appearance resemble bulky seals. It is sometimes held that from them originates the legend of mermaids. The manatees were brought to the Zoo by the recent expedition to Guiana, headed by Mr. David Attenborough and Mr. Jack Lester.

On left—

PROTECTION FOR ANIMALS IN THE NEW FOREST: In the New Forest patrolmen of the Automobile Association erect a sign by a road. It is intended to protect the pony grazing in front of it and the many other animals which roam in the Forest. The sign, in the A.A. colours of yellow and black, has a special surface which makes it visible at night. Animals, such as ponies and cattle, tend to stray on to the forest roads, especially at night when they sometimes go to sleep on them. Many of the animals have been accidentally killed by cars.

Above—

PIT PONIES ON HOLIDAY: They come from Nunnery Colliery, in Handsworth, Birmingham, and in the background are the slag-heaps and pit-head of the mine in which they work. The welfare of pit ponies is to-day strictly governed by law. If the miners work a five-day week the ponies also have a free week-end, and when a pit is closed for the miners' holiday, they also have a rest. There are nowadays some 13,000 horses and ponies employed in the collieries of the National Coal Board. They live in excellent conditions in model stables.

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS AT NIAGARA FALLS : In the centre of this picture construction work is seen in progress at the edge of the Horseshoe Falls, on the Canadian side of Niagara. The purpose is to increase the flow of water near the bank. Experts claim that by diverting the flow of water to the sides, wear-and-tear in the centre will be reduced. Work is also being done to ease the Falls on the American side where a year ago several hundred thousand tons of rock crashed into the gorge.

ON LAND AND WATER

Pictures from America of an Engineering Feat, Unusual Means of Transport, and a Trans-Ocean Voyage by Junk

A REMARKABLE REMOVAL OF HOUSE : A three-storey, twenty-eight-room house is carried *in toto* in a barge up Mare Channel, by Vallejo, in California. It was formerly a coast guards' barracks. Now a new owner has taken it in this novel way to a new site, to convert into a restaurant.

A LIGHTWEIGHT TRAIN : The "aerotrain" has been designed by the Electro-motive section of the American General Motor Company. Consisting of ten coaches, it carries 400 passengers. It is half the weight of a normal train and its running costs are estimated to be even more than fifty per cent cheaper than normal train costs.

On left—
ACROSS THE PACIFIC BY JUNK : The *Free China* sails towards the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco at the end of a fifty-three-days voyage across the Pacific from Taipeh, in Formosa. Flying both the American and the Chinese Nationalist flags, she carried a crew of six—Mr. Calvin E. Melhert, U.S. Vice-Consul in Taipeh, and five Chinese friends.

DELTAS IN FORMATION OVER THE UNITED STATES : A flight of four Convair F-102A delta-winged supersonic fighters fly high above the clouds over Texas, where they are now in production for the U.S. Air Force at the Convair San Diego factory. *On left*—A close-up of the F-102A, showing the delta wing. The wing is of very narrow section which, as well as allowing great top speeds, means a very high landing speed. Braking parachutes are carried in the fairings seen by the jet outlet. Powered by a Pratt and Whitney J-57 axial flow jet engine fitted with an afterburner, the 102 is capable of supersonic speed in level flight. It is fitted with the latest electronic equipment and can fight by day or night in any kind of weather. The Hughes F-98 supersonic guided missile is expected to be part of its armament. After a series of technical setbacks, including the loss of a prototype in a crash-landing, the Convair F-102A is now in production for the U.S. Air Force.

WARPLANES IN THE U.S.A.

Four New Aircraft in America which are now going into Service

THE "FLYING COKE BOTTLE" ENTERS THE U.S. NAVY : The Grumman F9F-9 Tiger, single-seat fighter, is one of the latest and fastest to be built for the U.S. Navy. Its sobriquet is derived from its plan view, which closely resembles the shape of a well-known soft-drink bottle. A Wright J-65 jet engine (an Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire built in the U.S.A. under licence) with an afterburner gives the F9F-9 sufficient thrust for supersonic speeds in level flight. It first flew in July 1954.

THE HERCULES FLIES WITH ITS BACK DOOR OPEN : The Lockheed C-130 Hercules displays the manner in which heavy equipment, such as vehicles or field guns, can be dropped by parachute to troops below. The Hercules, now in production for the U.S.A.F., is powered by turbo-prop engines and can be used as a freighter or troop transport. The stocky tricycle undercarriage allows the aircraft to operate from rough, forward airfields. Bulky cargo is taken on board through the rear doors seen in the picture, or through a large door at the side of the fuselage forward of the wings. The lower rear door can be dropped to form a loading ramp.

THE FIREBEE MAKES A SAFE LANDING : The small, jet-propelled, radio-controlled target drone rests safely on the sandy floor of a United States test range while the parachute collapses slowly above it. The small Ryan Firebee has a span of only 12 ft. and has been built to give ground defence personnel practice in dealing with low-flying high-speed aircraft. Launched from a parent aircraft, the Firebee is radio-controlled either from another plane or from the ground. When its fuel is expended, a parachute opens to slow the drone down from its near-sonic speed, and then another parachute lowers it gently to the ground. It can then be recovered, refuelled and used yet again.

SURPRISES PROMISED AT EARLS COURT

Looking Ahead to the Motor Show; An American Invasion of the Overdrive Market in Britain; Current Models; Bad News from the Insurance World; the Nine Hours' Race; and a New B.R.M.

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WE have it on the authority of the Society of Motor Manufacturers itself that at the forthcoming Motor Show "a number of surprise new models are destined to make their appearance." I wonder what they 'll be? There 's the new Standard Vanguard, of course, but that can hardly be termed a "surprise," as its makers have announced it already, without, however, giving many details.

My spies tell me not to expect much new in the small-car range. They say the most important of the new models are likely to be medium-priced family saloons in the 2–2½-litre category. Look out, too, for some new estate cars. Don't bank on any price reductions. My bet is that if there are any changes the trend will be up, not down. Production costs are rising all the time. Labour becomes increasingly expensive. And the prices of most materials have the same urge to reach for the sky. I think we can expect huge crowds at Earls Court again this year. Last year the attendance—exclusive of over 7,500 official visitors from overseas—was 523,586.

A Show secret which slipped out the other day suggests we shall see more cars with an overdrive this year. They will either be fitted as standard or made available as optional extras.

It looks like a bonny scrap between the Laycock de Normanville people, who have pioneered the overdrive in Britain, and the big Borg-Warner corporation of America, who have already made 7,000,000 overdrive units for U.S. cars. Borg-Warner's British subsidiary are building a new 12-acre, £1,000,000 factory at Letchworth, Hertfordshire, for the specific purpose of building overdrives.

A letter of invitation to the foundation-stone ceremony mentioned that two of Britain's biggest car manufacturers have ordered supplies of the Borg-Warner device "for a number of models." Now I wonder who they can be? The British Motor Corporation is pretty big, of course, and so is the Ford concern. "It is probable," said my letter of invitation to Letchworth, "that these models will be exhibited at the forthcoming Motor Show."

How does the Laycock Engineering Co. feel about this American invasion of the British market with a device which is being turned out in America at the rate of 3,500 a *day* compared with Laycock's 900 a *week*? "It doesn't frighten us a bit," said Mr. Jim Power, sales chief for the de Normanville overdrive. "We have a manufacturing capacity of 1,500 a week and *our* overdrive, electrically controlled and based on an epicyclic gear train, is infinitely better than the Borg-Warner job." Good!

The number of British car firms offering overdrive as an extra will soon go way past the dozen mark. Average cost is around £45, plus purchase tax. By reducing your engine speed once the car has got into its stride, the overdrive cuts engine wear, reduces petrol consumption and makes motoring quieter.

On a three-speed gear-box, like that of the Standard Vanguard or Ford Zephyr, you can have a form of overdrive which gives you an auxiliary ratio on the second gear as well as top. That gives you a choice of five gears, two of which are engaged or disengaged simply by moving a little electric switch. No need to use the clutch. So the Laycock de Normanville device is a sort of half-way house on the road to automatic transmission with two-pedal control, dispensing with a clutch pedal.

One interesting form of two-pedal control is that offered as an extra on the little Renault 750. When you move the gear lever it operates an electric switch that disengages the clutch while another gear is being brought in. When you slow down and stop, the clutch automatically disengages itself, because it works on a centrifugal system.

To move off, you simply step on the accelerator and the mounting engine revs. engage the clutch by centrifugal action. The British-assembled Renault will soon be offered with this ingenious form of two-pedal control.

Talking of two-pedal motoring reminds me that Hobbs Transmission Ltd. have just been taken over by the B.S.A. group, whose Daimler company will manufacture the Hobbs transmission units for the motor and other engineering industries.

Daimlers' own use of the Hobbs epicyclic gear-box, which dispenses with the clutch pedal, will at first be confined to their Lanchester Sprite, which is expected to be on view at Earls Court in a modified form. The 1½-litre Sprite first appeared at last year's Show—in hastily-completed prototype form. It is still not in production.

The 3½-litre Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire will continue unchanged for 1956, though my old friend Mr. R. U. Mour talks slyly about the patter of tiny feet—or should it be tyres?—in the Armstrong Siddeley factory. Be that as it may, there is news about the Sapphire, even though this attractive saloon is to remain, basically, as at present. Three important optional extras have been made available, and they are devices which can be added to Sapphires already on the road.

They are: powered steering (£75 15s. 2d., including tax); ride control (£42 11s. 8d.) and power-operated windows (£119 9s. 7d.).

So the Sapphire becomes the first British car to have powered steering (already extensively used in America). It is also the world's first car to have a form of powered steering—it is a Girling product—which can be turned on or off from the driving seat or adjusted to the degree of hydraulic assistance the driver thinks he needs. Lady drivers will love it.

Remember when you could buy a new car for £100? I was reminded of those happy days in a letter from the Ford Motor Co. announcing that the Ford Popular is now coming off their new assembly line at Doncaster at the rate of more than 100 a day.

The Popular is Britain's cheapest car, yet it costs £275 plus £115 14s. 2d. tax—a total of £390 14s. 2d. It is the successor to the original 8-h.p. Ford Popular, introduced in 1932 at £120. In 1935 the Ford Company sprang a motoring sensation by cutting the price to £100.

I, for one, did not think production of the Popular would continue very long after the introduction of the new Ford Anglia and Prefect. Yet public demand is still so great that the company has found it worth while to set up a new assembly line at Doncaster.

The 70 m.p.h., 30 m.p.g., 1,172 c.c. Prefect is one of my favourite small cars. I used one recently to do a long journey and was impressed, as on previous tests, by the car's liveliness and good road-holding. It is a delightful little car to drive, though the operation of the clutch could be improved. It costs £560 14s. 2d., including tax.

"A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE CAR TO DRIVE": The Ford Prefect, which costs £560 14s. 2d. (including tax), has an overall length of 12 ft. 7¼ ins. and a width of 5 ft. 0½ in.; it is just under 5 ft. high. The curved-type fixed windscreen and rear window allow the driver a wide and unrestricted view of the road. The bonnet of the Prefect is raised forward and can be locked in a completely vertical position. The boot has a capacity of ten cubic feet.

Bad news from the insurance world . . . There 's much talk of an impending increase in car premiums. But you can also look out for more generous discounts for motorists willing to meet the first £10 or so of all claims; and bigger "no claim" bonuses.

It is widely reported that the insurance houses have been losing money on motoring business in the home market and have delayed putting up the premiums only because they do pretty well in foreign countries, where insurance rates are, generally speaking, much higher. The last increase here at home—one of 12½ per cent.—was made in 1951.

The new courtesy campaign launched by the Metropolitan Police looks like being a great success. They are alarmed by the growing road toll in London, where 282 people—more than half of them pedestrians—were killed in the first six months of 1955. This latest move to keep death off the road obviously has its inspiration in the recent rail strike, when the police turned out in force to concentrate on traffic problems and received first-class co-operation from all classes of road-users.

Three hundred traffic officers, split into special safety squads and equipped with loud-speaker cars and motor-cycles, are keeping a special eye in sixty-four black spots with bad accident records. The campaign goes on for at least three months and might be extended indefinitely if the results warrant this expenditure of police man-power.

Congratulations to Mr. David Brown, who (as a side-line) builds Aston Martin sports cars, on bringing off the "hat-trick" in the Nine Hours' Race at Goodwood. Cars of this make have now won each of the three day-and-night races so far held on the Duke of Richmond's pleasant Sussex track. The winning Aston Martin this year was driven by Peter Walker and Dennis Poore. They kept going for 740 miles at an average speed of over 82 miles an hour.

The new B.R.M., a 2½-litre, unsupercharged job built (rather late) for the present Grand Prix formula, already two years old, is due to make its racing debut to-day in a race-meeting at Aintree. I hope it has better luck than the old models and that—late as it is—it is not being committed to competitive racing before it is ready. I think Mr. Alfred Owen, who now owns the B.R.M. organisation, is clever enough to avoid repeating the mistake made with the earlier cars.

They say the new B.R.M. is a handsome car. It is certainly a less complicated piece of machinery than the old ones, having no supercharger and only four cylinders instead of sixteen.

British European Airways have just introduced a scheme under which motorists who fly on their services are able to hire a self-drive car without paying a deposit. The car will be waiting for them at their destination and they can pay up to £35 of the hiring charge in sterling. Initially, this service is available in ten foreign countries—Belgium, Cyprus, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland.

The same kind of car-hire facilities have also been introduced at cities served by B.E.A. domestic flights, including London, Belfast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester. A car can be reserved when the passenger books his seat—a time-saving arrangement, as it obviates the need to make two separate bookings.

THE NEW MESSERSCHMITT CABIN SCOOTER SEATS THREE: This improved version of the tiny three-wheeled car is seen (*left*) with the hood lowered, and (*right*) raised to allow the driver and two passengers to alight. It is powered by a 200 cc. air-cooled single-cylinder two-stroke engine. Capable of 62 m.p.h., it has a cruising speed of 53 m.p.h. and does 100 m.p.g. The de luxe model costs £355 13s. 4d., including purchase tax.

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AERO ENGINES LEAD THE WORLD

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A FOREIGN MINISTER SPEAKS OUT

Dr. Karl Gruber Writes of Austria in the Post-War World; "My First Seventy-Six Years," by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht; and Other New Publications

DR. KARL GRUBER, who is now Austrian Ambassador in Washington, has written of his country in the post-war world, and of the feat of political tight-rope walking which ended with the re-establishment of Austria as a sovereign and independent State. His book, BETWEEN LIBERATION AND LIBERTY (Deutsch. 18s.), aroused a certain amount of controversy on its original publication two years ago in Vienna, when it was thought that the points of view and the candour of Dr. Gruber's exposition did not accord with his then position of Foreign Minister. However that may be, and for whatever reason his present appointment was made, Dr. Gruber holds to his views and has defended the right of a Foreign Minister, even while in office, to comment frankly on his country's affairs. His book opens with the entry of American troops into Innsbruck (where the author writes that he was the chief of the local resistance movement) on May 3, 1945, to the end of 1953, with Austrian independence again in sight. The translation has been made by Mr. Lionel Kochan.

MY FIRST SEVENTY-SIX YEARS (Wingate. 25s.) is Dr. Hjalmar Schacht's autobiography, nearly 550 pages long, correspondingly heavy and of what I should imagine would be very specialised, that is to say, fairly limited, interest. He has been, of course, one of the foremost figures in the world of finance. It is claimed for him that he was for many years a friend of Montagu Norman's, and that Keynes was his acknowledged pupil. Certainly he was president of the Reichsbank, and it is as that, and as the man who was instrumental in arresting the inflation of the mark in 1921, that most English readers will remember him.

Dr. Schacht, whose Christian names are Horace Greeley Hjalmar, has had in his long life, political as well as monetary theories. More than once he resigned his presidency of the Reichsbank and other ministerial posts under the Weimar Republic. He even founded a party of his own, the German Democratic Party, but abandoned this to move further and further to the Right and to Nazi-ism, and was persuaded by Hitler to take, once again, the presidency of the Reichsbank, though later falling out with him.

In his concluding paragraphs, Dr. Schacht writes: "The whole world is amazed at the way in which, after the cruellest ordeals, the German nation arises swiftly and purposefully from the ruins and proceeds to re-establish order and prosperity." There is much to ponder in those lines and notably the author's impression of a suffering and, inferentially, victimised country.

In the fifteenth century, when the smoke of battle was still something new, and gunpowder a horrifying new weapon, there was in Spain a man called Gonzalo de Cordoba, a spirited and brilliant nobleman who became commander of his country's armies and Great Captain of the King of Spain. His career was remarkable enough to have inspired a biographer at any time in the past four or five hundred years but, as Colonel Gerald de Gaury shows, in THE GRAND CAPTAIN (Longmans. 18s.), it is of contemporary as well as historical interest to us nowadays. Gonzalo was one of the very first generals to use troops in the way which we now regard as modern, to form small, highly mobile bands of specially trained men, in the manner of commandos, to use mines on a strategic rather than a haphazard scale, and to organise regular and light infantry according to the needs of his engagements.

Gonzalo's campaigns included the two immense projects of routing the French armies from southern Italy, and subduing the Moors in his own Spain, and long before his death, in 1515, he was acknowledged throughout Europe, or, rather, throughout those parts of it which were then Christian, as the greatest of military leaders. King Ferdinand, throughout the greater part of his life, supported him warmly and basked in the reflected glory of the successes of Spanish arms; Queen Isabella was on terms of close friendship with him and, with her unusual grasp of matters beyond the domain of women, was in some sort his ally and colleague. His story is not only that of a soldier, however, for Gonzalo had much of the diplomatist in him, was extremely handsome, an outstanding horseman, and had about him a kind of magnificence of which the surviving records of his day often speak.

Lieutenant John Lamb and his bosun, Rachun, were both raised on farms in the Middle West. The *Katy Dee* was a rusty old tub which had spent her best years along the Gulf of Mexico and in the Caribbean. It was some time before D-Day when, with an assorted crew of merchant seamen and U.S.N. personnel, commanded by the lieutenant, the old tub nosed out of the Mersey and up to a Scottish loch to join a convoy of other ancient craft due eventually to be sunk off the Corentin Peninsula in an operation known as Gooseberry. Mr. Gordon Webber, in THE FAR SHORE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), takes his assorted heroes and scallywags through the usual gamut of drunken bouts, fights aboard and ashore, all with the overlay of self-pity to which in this kind of American war novel we have become accustomed. If his characters do not always engage our sympathies and understanding Mr. Webber has himself a perceptive eye for city and countryside, and if in his next book he can get away from war, and perhaps the sea, we may have something well worth reading.

Wales, Malta, Africa, New Mexico, the Pyrenees—not even the most captious could complain about a lack of variety in the backgrounds of the rest of the new crop of novels. For instance, SETH (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. David Brynley, is the story of a young Welsh boy (the illegitimate child of a village girl and the squire's son), who is brought up partly in a fishing village and partly in a mining town, and sees much of brutality, drunkenness and misery, even tragedy, before the discovery of his beautiful voice opens up a new and happier world to him. Mr. Brynley is himself a singer, and his descriptions of the joy that this source of music brings to the youth, and his growing number of friends, are sympathetically written. The author's style is unpretentious as it is unaffected, and his rendering of the Welsh idiom in speech is natural.

WALLED CITY (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is Miss Mary Dunstan's story of an old Maltese family, lingering on in one of its last descendants, a rich, proud and eccentric old woman, who lives greatly in the past and in her imagination, and a middle-aged man, rascally, gregarious and avowedly on the make. Ollie's visit to Malta has been made during one of his many periods of financial depression, and with a definite object in view, but when he finally reaches that and makes the acquaintance of the old Baroness Isabel Ferrat, their relationship evolves unexpectedly. The baroness is not as unworldly, nor Ollie quite as cynical as either had thought the other, and the tale has an ending which is neither banal nor sentimentalised.

THE BIGGEST OARFISH EVER WASHED UP IN SYDNEY HARBOUR: Over 18 ft. in length, it came ashore at Cremorne, nearly opposite Circular Quay, about a year after other specimens had been caught and washed ashore elsewhere in the harbour and off the Tasmanian and Victorian coasts. This latest specimen has a much greater girth than those caught last year, but several feet of its tail-end had been bitten off, quite evidently by a shark. When washed up it was in a fine state of preservation. It is pale grey in colour, with a vicious-looking oar-shaped head from which protrude two 2-ft. feelers. The oarfish, rarely found as far east as Sydney, swims with a series of convulsive wriggles. It offers little resistance to attack.

Mr. L. J. Heward writes of West Africa and of a beautiful native girl in his first novel, IF THIS BE MAGIC (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), which proves, for one thing, that his own wartime service in Africa made a deep and vivid impression on him, and that, like so many artists, he can use the pen as easily and as gracefully as the brush. Mr. Heward is a writer of resource and a talented artist, as his drawings and chapter-headings also show throughout this unusual novel.

THE CONQUEST OF DON PEDRO (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) has New Mexico as its background and the years after the American Civil War as its period, but for all the exotic nature of the setting Mr. Harvey Fergusson's novel is mainly one of character; of human beings and their relationships to each other, in love or in hate, friendship and feuding. At the time of which he writes the old Spanish families had been established for more than 200 years in New Mexico, and lived feudally, with considerable emphasis on lineage and tradition, and a harsh disregard for the peons whom they had subjugated.

To a small town, near Texas and Mexico as the borders then lay, and ruled by such a family, comes an itinerant pedlar with no particular pioneering spirit but a knack for getting along with people. This aptitude not only gains for him a measure of success as a storekeeper but friends, a mistress, and, eventually, a wife, his pattern for living being notably comfortable and peaceful, till a moment comes when he has to make a choice between the secure patronage of the rich, and the welfare of the poor people with whom he is still more identified. Good story-telling in a down-to-earth way, and very readable.

Mrs. Hannah Closs has written the third novel of a trilogy dealing with the struggle of the Albigenses in the thirteenth century, when the Roman Catholic Church attempted to obliterate them as heretics, and to drive them out from their high citadel, Montsegur, in the Pyrenees. As in the earlier books, the hero of THE SILENT TARN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is Wolf, illegitimate son of the Count of Foix, and it is through his adventures, his accesses of despair or courage and his pursuit of a certain truth and a certain freedom, that the author has re-created the whole history of the Albigenses in their rocky country between Toulouse to the north and Andorra to the south. Poetic, mystical and scholarly and, with all this re-creation of the Middle Ages, still a tale of action and passions.

Miss Kathleen Kellow has based her new novel on a *cause célèbre* of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and has made a lively and romantic story of it, more in the du Maurier than in the Shearing manner. IT BEGAN IN VAUXHALL GARDENS (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) also begins with the ephemeral love of an English aristocrat and a little sempstress, and with the result of their union, a pretty, green-eyed daughter called Melisande, who is later brought up in a French convent and, later still and, as yet unacknowledged, comes to the Englishman's home in Cornwall as companion to his legitimate daughter. Jealousies and infatuations make life there impossible, and Melisande escapes, not to the security for which she hopes, but to a number of adventures and, finally, to stand trial for murder. Vigorously told, with more excitement than subtlety, and a very well-sustained pitch of interest.

CHANGE HERE FOR BABYLON (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is a story about a crime, rather than a crime story, for there is little doubt about who kills whom but, rather, an analysis of the why's and the wherefore's during the development of the drama. Nina Bawden writes excellently well and more like a man than a woman, which is not intended as a slightly ambiguous compliment but as a mild statement of fact. Her characters—two married couples in slightly different circumstances of money and position, and their almost excessively lifelike relations—are neither distinguished, handsome nor especially likable in themselves. They are, from the first word to the last, absolutely credible, and it is in that, as in the inexorable mounting of tension throughout the story, that this author's real talent is declared. Recommended, not as a whodunit, but as an intelligent study of what may lead up to, and away from a murder.

FROM SWAN SONNENSCHEIN TO GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN LTD., by F. A. Mumby and Frances H. S. Stallybrass (George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.), contains the biographies of the late nineteenth-century publishers, Swan Sonnenschein and George Allen, who eventually amalgamated their separate businesses into the firm which is now directed with such distinction by Sir Stanley Unwin.

In OUTRAGE, by Ian Nairn (12s. 6d.), the Architectural Press has reprinted from the *Architectural Review* the now-famous article which added the word "Subtopia" to the English language. The illustrations alone are an appalling indictment of our casual and irresponsible town planning which has led to the desecration of the countryside.

The first full-length life in the English language of FRANCO OF SPAIN (Neville Spearman. 21s.) is by S. F. A. Coles. The author has lived much in Spain and worked there as a journalist. The book includes interviews with the Fascist Caudillo and one chapter is concerned exclusively with the Gibraltar problem.

SHORT NOTICES OF OTHER BOOKS

Jan Cwiklinski, the captain of the Polish S.S. *Batory*, jumped his ship at an English port in 1953 and found political asylum. He has told his story to Hawthorne Daniel in THE CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.). He relates his life before and under Communism and avows his faith in a free and democratic Poland.

In 1950 Raymond Maufrais disappeared while exploring the borderlands of Brazil and French Guiana. Later, his diary, discovered with his abandoned equipment, was published in *Journey Without Return*. Now this courageous character's story of his earlier exploration of Brazil, MATTO GROSSO ADVENTURE, comes from Messrs. William Kimber (16s.).

WINGS, by Blanche Stillson (Gollancz. 16s.), is a fascinating and remarkable description of the evolution of wings from flies in pre-history to the aeroplanes of to-day. Excellently written, it merits superlative praise and the attention of all who wish to add to their useful knowledge.

There are two books this week for motor-racing fans. In DRIVERS IN ACTION (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), Louis Klemantaski and Michael Frostick examine with a wealth of pictures the technique of a dozen well-known men racing drivers. ATALANTA—WOMEN AS RACING DRIVERS, by S. C. H. Davis (G. T. Foulis. 16s. 6d.), tells about women who have made motor-racing history.

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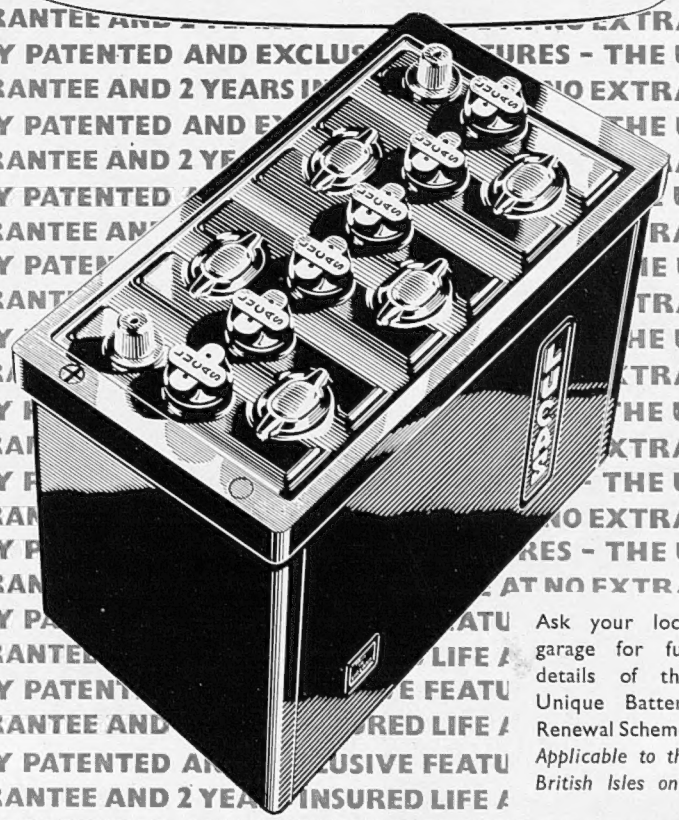

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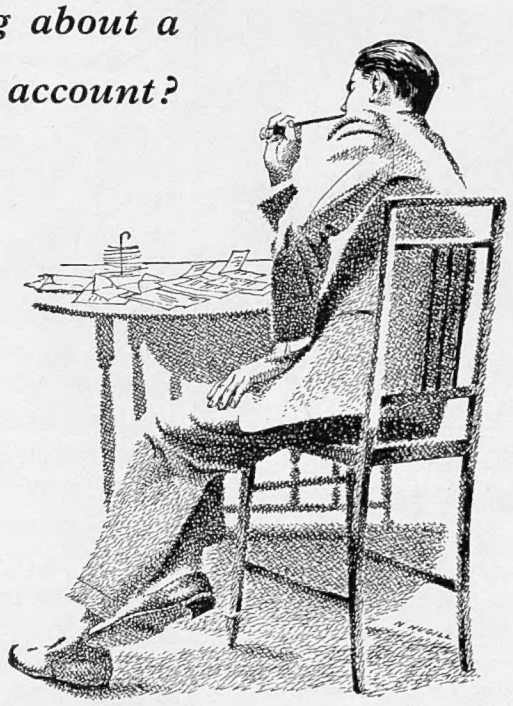

An account with the Midland Bank is a man's staunch ally. The Bank gives you an accurate record of what you have paid in and what you have paid out; it will look after your private documents or small valuables; and it is always at hand to give guidance when you are uncertain about business affairs. An account with the Midland Bank will, in fact, give you a sense of financial security and well-being which it is difficult to obtain in any other way.

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RUIZ

Isabelita

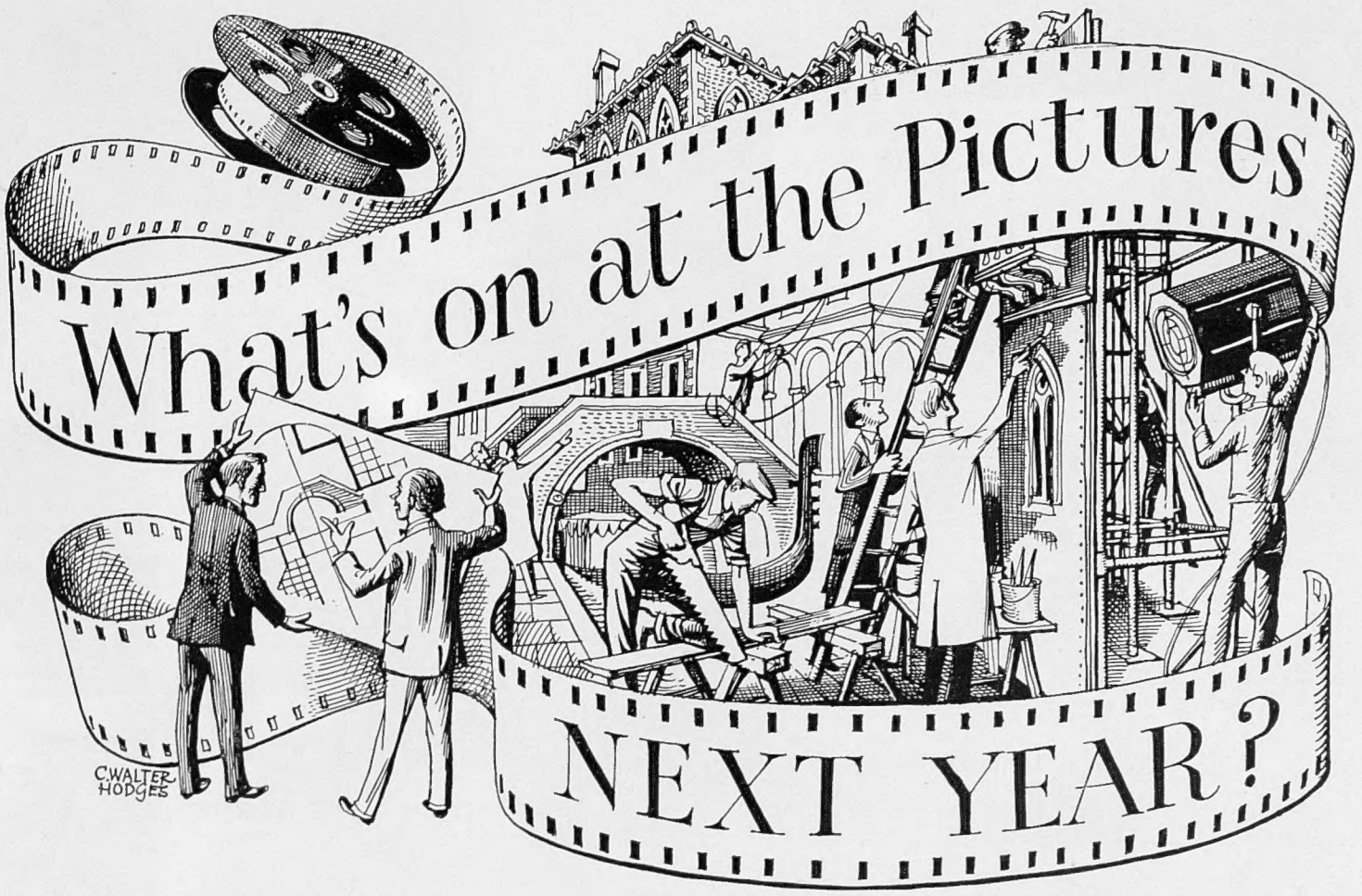
THE GREAT LADY OF SHERRIES

*

In Spain, ISABELITA is a legend. The famous Ruiz created it some hundred years ago in honour of Queen Isabel II and it is literally a *fino* of Kings. Only a very little, unfortunately, comes to England each year; but all of that has the mark of greatness. ISABELITA is worth a connoisseur's trouble.

Ask your Wine Merchant for it.

Write for free handbook on Sherry to Ruiz, 34 Grosvenor Street, W.1.



The industry which does not look ahead has no future, whether it is producing battleships or beer, fabrics—or films.

The film-maker must have a programme, just as the architect must have a plan. In providing entertainment for the millions of cinemagoers all over the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation knows that it must look ahead constantly. It must promise comedy, drama, romance, excitement and novelty. It must *regularly* give its customers a good supply of good films.

Fourteen years ago the Rank Organisation was unknown. Today it is by far the largest unit in the British Film Industry, producing some twenty first-feature films a year, selling them at home and in the highly competitive international market.

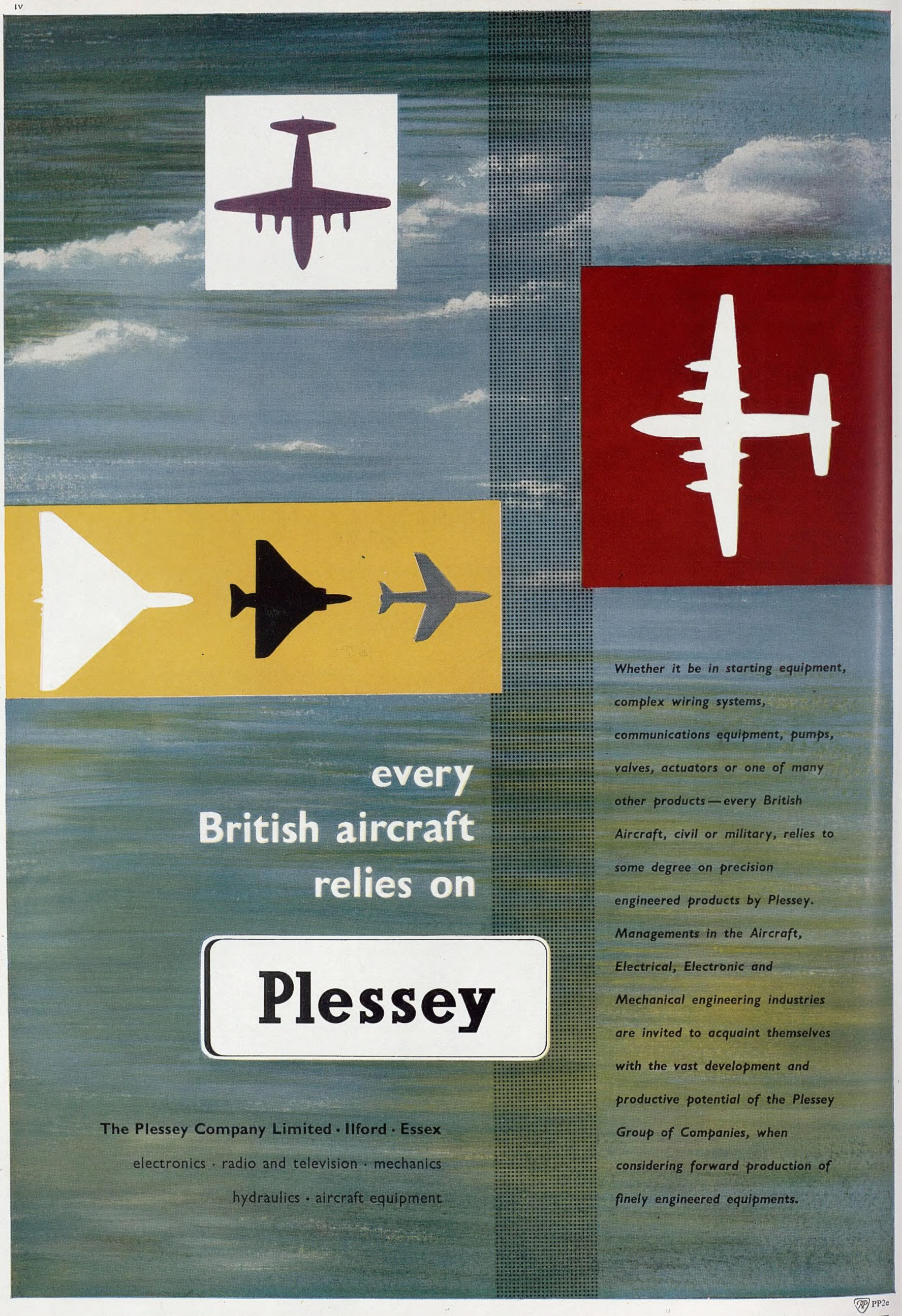
WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

Today the men who plan ahead have their eyes on next year's target. And however big the programme, there is no prototype for films. Each is a new creation.

On the studio floor every camera shot is planned and every set has its blueprint. In the workshops, carpenters, plasterers, painters, scenic artists, electricians, metal workers and engineers all make their special contributions. And so to the cutting-rooms and laboratories, before going on into the complexities of distribution and exhibition.

Today film-making is one of Britain's most important and influential industries. The J. Arthur Rank Organisation is proud to be providing finer entertainment for more people than ever before.

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



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